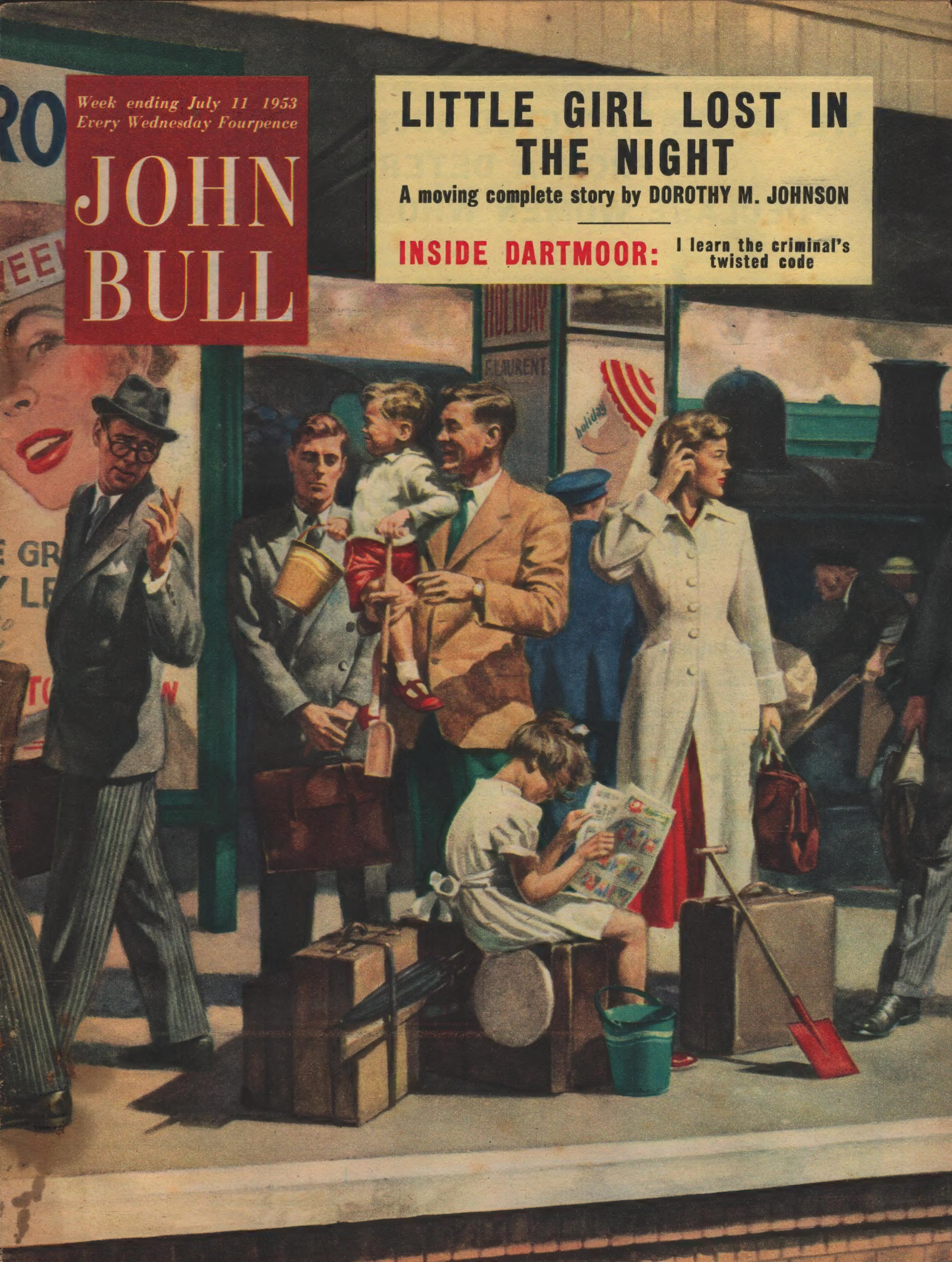
Week ending July 11 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

LITTLE GIRL LOST IN THE NIGHT

A moving complete story by DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

INSIDE DARTMOOR: I learn the criminal's twisted code



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the world's most complete detergent

. . . complete because it gives you not only the cleanest coloureds but also a **spotless boil** for whites

It's the spotless boil that makes Surf the complete detergent. That's why, already, millions of women use nothing but Surf. Levers knew Surf was a winner. They'd asked 10,880 women to test it in their own homes. "Let's have it every week!" ordered the ladies. And that's how the complete detergent comes to be in your shop.

DETERGENTS? That's what housewives call the new powders that give such a beautiful lather. The ones that make the dirt roll out. But, before Surf arrived, not one of the new detergents was specially made for the boil. Surf does a bumper boil—a spotless boil. So if the kids have spattered gravy over your best white tablecloth—get Surf bubbling in the boiler.

And if tea spills on your flowered dress—into Surf suds with it. The stains will come out, never fear.

NAPPIES? If a million happy babies could write there'd be some splendid testimonials for Surf.

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YOU AND SURF. Surf is the best washday friend you've ever had. Your white boil will be spotless. Your coloureds will be spotless. Everything you wash will be spotless—because Surf is the complete detergent.

The Surf Family packet costs 1/11d. There is also a Handy packet for only 1/-. Both in your shop today.

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

EDITORIAL

Rain, rain . . .

THE only predictable thing about the English weather is its unpredictability, a wit once remarked. Now the scientific rainmakers are threatening to end this by making—and stopping—rain at will.

An M.P., Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas, has raised the matter in the House of Commons. "I was aghast at the sight of everyone getting drenched at the Coronation," he says.

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works, Mr. Hugh Molson, replied that present methods are more effective in causing rain to fall than in preventing it.

LIKE other marvels of science before it, rain control may seem a joke at first. But presumably hard-headed American business men are "buying rain" in a big way.

DE FREITAS
Coronation Shocks

Two methods are used. Where clouds already exist at upper-air temperatures of zero degrees centigrade to minus 15 degrees, they can be persuaded to shed rain by seeding them with pellets of carbon dioxide, which has a temperature of minus 80 degrees. Such terrific cold produces condensation on the tiny droplets of which clouds are made, so that they grow to a size at which they are heavy enough to fall as rain.

The other method is to release particles of silver iodide into a cloud. This has an atomic structure similar to crystalline ice, and is claimed to produce raindrops.

SO such firms as "Weather Projects Inc." have a thriving trade with cattle ranchers, wheat growers, water undertakings and hydro-electric power companies.

One rainmaker, Dr. I. P. Krick, operates ninety-three silver iodide generators in fifteen American states and in Central America. One wheat ranch in Washington got five times its month's rain; its unscientific neighbours got only half the normal.

New York City Council paid an expert £35 a day, plus the cost of an aeroplane, to refill its parched reservoirs. It rained too much, so amusement interests hired other experts at £175 a day to stop the rain. Over-seeding a cloud, to dry it up, may succeed in doing this.

AT first glance rain control seems to be a wonderful boon. But who should get priority: the farmers who may need rain or the holidaymakers who want clear skies? Should we arrange alternate wet and dry weeks?

The questions become even more tricky when it is realized that Britain lies at the "weather crossroads" of Northern Europe. What would the other countries say if we started interfering with their weather?

No, perhaps it would be as well to leave the climate alone. Press-button weather *might* be marvellous, but it would hardly be the dear old Britain we know.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

SOUTH coast resorts like Eastbourne, where Fred Laurent lives, are also London suburbs for City business men. Regular platform places are disturbed in summer as travelling companions and their families arrive in holiday mood. But where do seaside dwellers go for their holidays? Laurent's family are too busy with the arrival of a third daughter to provide an answer. His picture plays safe with buckets and spades—and an umbrella.

SEE what's cooking . . .

through the full-size inner glass door. You can see exactly what's going on inside the oven without losing heat or spoiling the food—Belling Visible Cooking is the modern way. It's easy, it's economical, it makes cooking a pleasure.

No. 47AB. £32.5.0. Full-size inner glass door—armour plate, steam free and exclusive to Belling. Very big oven with automatic heat control—just set it and leave it. Large hob with 8" boiling plate controlled by simmerstat, 6½" boiling plate and 10½" x 8" combined grill-boiler. Large hotcupboard for plates and food. Finished in sparkling cream or white vitreous enamel. Without inner glass door £29.17.6. Without glass door and 6½" plate (No. 46A) £27.15.0.

SEE ONE AT YOUR ELECTRICAL SHOP OR SHOWROOM

See also the superb Streamline model, fully automatic with illuminated oven at £49.10.0. Available on wheels at 55/- extra. For the small home there is the Wee Baby Belling, a complete cooker for only £6.19.6., or a larger size—the well-known Baby Belling—at £13.15.0. And now there is the new Big Baby complete on Stand for only £17.10.0.

Free! *Write for fully illustrated leaflets and 32 page Catalogue of Belling Electric Fires and Cookers to Belling & Co. Ltd., Enfield.*

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The Court Cupboard SUITE

This beautiful suite will give distinction to any dining room. Solidly built in carefully selected and well-seasoned oak, and polished in reproduction shade, it embodies all the best traditions of English craftsmanship in furniture to suit the smaller rooms of today.

Suite comprises: Court cupboard 4' wide x 1' 6" deep: Draw Leaf Diner 5' x 2' 6" when open, 2' 9" x 2' 6" closed; and 4 chairs covered in linen or tapestry. *This trade mark is your guarantee of quality.*

Known as the "Windsor" series this suite is another example of:

'Old Charm'

REPRODUCTIONS OF DISTINCTION

Price of suite complete (items can be had separately) **£60.10.0**

Obtainable from leading retailers or write direct to:

WOOD BROS. (Furniture) LTD. LOCKFIELD AVENUE, BRIMSDOWN, ENFIELD

How long does it take YOU to SHAVE?

Shaving time varies. A soldier can shave in short time; whereas a literary gent, seized with a new plot for a story, can linger with the lather quite a while. Lather, did we say? Well, that would be referring to a writer of old-time romances. The writer of Space-Man Stories uses Brushless Shave. In fact, modern men everywhere are finding that Lanolive leaves the face smooth to the touch, cleap to the eye, and puts the shaver in a Much Better Temper. Men don't as a rule write testimonials—a product has to be good indeed to tempt them to spend time (and 2½d. postage !) telling the manufacturer what a good boy he is. But we get lots of letters of praise for Lanolive Brushless—here's just one:—

"For nine years I have been shaving, and also may I say, suffering the after-effects. But I could not refrain from writing to you in appreciation for your wonderful Lanolive Shaving Cream. Instead of hating to shave, I now look forward to the occasion. To say all I want to say about the pleasure you have brought to me would take quite a bit of time, so may I sincerely thank you. I have thoroughly recommended it to all my colleagues at the works. Yours truly, B. S."

A big tube of Lanolive Brushless Shave costs 2s. at Chemists and Stores. In view of the high cost of several incorporated skin-helps, that's a bargain. You have famed lanolin, olive oil, glycerine, chlorophyll and the New G14 Anti-septic in

LanOlive
TRADE MARK
Brushless Shave

Now!
A CONTEMPORARY CHAIR
ADJUSTABLE* for perfect comfort

Berkeley Nordik
TRADE MARK

30/- with order and 10 monthly payments of 21/6d.

Contemporary grace and lightness coupled with perfect comfort in every position from upright to lounging. Sit up and sew, or stretch out and relax. With the exclusive Superlax action the back and seat adjust themselves automatically as you change your position. Wonderfully roomy, yet so compact—a real space saver. Soft, cunningly sprung upholstery with distinctively rich coverings—choose your own pattern. An Easy Chair to dream of . . . to dream in. **Cash Price £11 : 2 : 6; matching Settee £16; Suite £38 : 5 : 0.** Sold under our money back guarantee if returned within 7 days.

★ Fully Patented. FREE! *Write for fully illustrated Catalogue J.B. of all models and patterns of Coverings.*

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UTILITY
1/4" ELECTRIC DRILL £6-5-0

HANDYMEN...
You can drill in steel, wood, tile, asbestos, plastics etc . . . buff, sand, grind and burnish—polish your car and do a hundred-and-one other jobs with this adaptable electric tool and its accessories.

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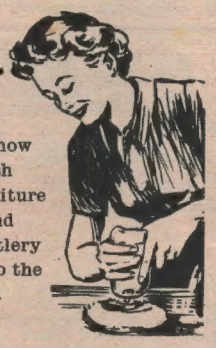
Get pleasure out of work that used to be drudgery . . . see how easily you can polish and wax floors, furniture etc . . . shine pots and pans . . . sharpen cutlery —there's no limit to the jobs you can tackle.



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FREE SPEECH

Litter hogs which keep a country tidy

THE CALL for an end to the litter menace in your Editorial on bad manners reminded me of Denmark's effective way of teaching this kind of tidiness.

At entrances to parks and public spaces, the Danes have erected large sheds. They are faced with wire grilles, and on the floor is imitation grass. Inside lies a large model pig, dressed in a suit of clothes. He is surrounded with every conceivable kind of litter, and his face wears a look of entire satisfaction. I have watched many children peering through the grille and asking the inevitable questions. Their guardians bring home the lesson with practical examples. Denmark's open spaces are remarkably free from litter.—F. W. SMITH, Montagu Road, London, N.18.

. . . A coachdriver who has travelled a great deal in Germany agreed that people can be stopped by police for dropping litter in the streets there ("Free Speech," June 20). "But," he added, "you'll be surprised to know that there is a town in Derbyshire where you can be fined by the local bench for doing the same thing."—AUSTIN YELLAND, Meersbrook Road, Sheffield, Yorkshire.

The Home Office says: "We issue a model by-law, which county and borough councils can adopt to enable them to summon people who leave litter about. Many have adopted this regulation."

Who Goes There?

PUBLIC ignorance about local government goes farther than lack of knowledge about the spending of rates ("Free Speech," June 20). I watched a stately procession of civic dignitaries in their official robes in a nearby town, yet few people around me recognized their own local government body when they saw it. "Who are they?" several people asked. One voice, apparently remaining unenlightened, added scornfully: "What some people won't do on a Sunday morning!"—MRS. R. E. PICKFORD, Carpenders Park, Oxhey, Hertfordshire.

Ear For Music

AS an experienced music teacher, I should like to assure Mrs. L. F., of Birkenhead, that it is not uncommon for six-year-olds to sing out of tune ("Free Speech," June 20). Spend a few minutes each day on singing a few notes, or playing them on the piano, for the child. I have known children who seemed quite tone-deaf to improve in a short time and succeed in getting good marks for aural tests in exams.—MRS. D. H. WHITAKER, Bridlington, Yorkshire.

. . . My daughter was excluded from a choir at the age of seven because she could not sing in tune. Now, aged eleven, she plays the piano well and hopes to become a music teacher.—D. HOLLAND, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

Things To Come

NEVIL SHUTE'S serial *In The Wet* has made me speculate on the things we can expect to find in thirty years' time. Though Henry Seabright has captured the aircraft of the future in his illustrations, I doubt if the cars of 1983 will appear as they do today. Our scientists have already forecast a small turbo engine fitted in the back axle. We can expect the cars of tomorrow to be large, roomy saloons, with practically no bonnet or radiator. —M. L. L., Bodmin, Cornwall.

Undersea Service

COMMANDER Alastair Mars's thrilling account of the adventures of the submarine Unbroken aroused my interest in the submarine service. Are these craft manned by volunteers, and do they receive any special pay for their duties?—C. L. W., Thurnscoe, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

"The great majority of the men in submarines are volunteers," says the Admiralty, "although servicemen are required to serve in any type of ship if necessary. There are special rates of pay for submarine service, varying according to rank." On August 1 JOHN BULL *begins a new series—"Above Us The Waves." It will tell, for the first time, the story of the Royal Navy's midget submarines and human torpedoes.*

Begins in John Bull on July 25

The year's most hilarious novel

DIGBY

by DAVID WALKER

See announcement on page 20

Look Out For "L"

I HAVE always thought that "L" plates on a car warn other drivers that a learner driver may do something unexpected and break the rules of the road. But while teaching my wife to drive I have been amazed at the chances taken by many drivers. On one trip, some cars cut in close in front of us, even on bends in the road. Others drove dangerously close to our tail. A little more consideration from experienced drivers would help the learner to gain confidence.—C. L. PIRIE, Whetstone Way, Great Sutton, Wirral, Cheshire.

Encore For Cows

MANY times I've laughed at the idea that cows love music and enjoy a "music while you work" session while they are being milked. But

while on holiday in Ireland I sat on a field gate and happily played my harmonica, oblivious to everything. Suddenly I noticed twenty cows almost breathing down my neck. Others were hurrying to the spot. I scrambled off the gate like fury. And although there was a hedge between us, the cows followed me to the end of the lane, mute appeal in their eyes, begging for an encore.—VERA ABBOTT, Porthkerry Avenue, Welling, Kent.

Canal Cruises

I READ with interest—and alarm—your Editorial on the growing disuse of canals (JOHN BULL, June 20). Our local authority is putting a nearby stretch of canal to good use by organizing trips on barges for schoolchildren and parents. Places of interest along the route are pointed out by a guide, and the cruises are always very well attended.—G. M., Southall, Middlesex.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Portrait Of The Artist's Family

WHILE studying Charles Wood's cover on Father's Day (JOHN BULL, June 20), I felt that I had seen the mother's picture before. Then I found a drawing book which I bought about ten years ago. It was written by Charles Wood and, sure enough, there was the drawing I remembered (above, left). Is the mother the same person as on your cover—and did those chubby children listening to the bedtime story grow up into the handsome young man and the sturdy boy?—MRS. C. TURNER, Glasgow.

"Mrs. Turner is partly right," says Charles Wood. "My wife, Pat, my eldest son, Brian, and my second son, David, posed for the sketch, which I drew about ten years ago for my book, 'How To Draw Portraits.' Pat is the mother on JOHN BULL'S *cover, and David is the young man on the left. The younger boy on the cover is my third son, Nicky, who wasn't born when I drew the sketch. Brian, on the right in the sketch, doesn't appear on the cover. He's twenty now, and an artist himself."*

RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

Mr. M., a Manchester accountant (who wishes to remain anonymous), has recovered his former health and vigour. Relieved of the rheumatic pain which made him a semi-invalid for almost two years, he can again enjoy his favourite pastime of angling! *(Photograph posed by a model).*

Mrs. Codling laughs at the idea of retirement. At 73 she still goes to her full-time office job every day and manages to keep her home spick and span as well. Even after a busy day she's glad when the neighbours drop in for a cup of tea. *(Recent photograph of Mrs. Codling).*

ACCOUNTANT (49) & BUSY ELDERLY WOMAN (73) BOTH AGREE

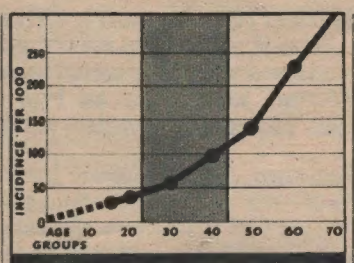
Rheumatic pain relieved by taking Fynnon Salt

If you are one of Britain's 1,000,000 rheumatic sufferers you will want to read how two victims found relief from pain and a new lease of life.

Mr. M., 49 year old accountant of Manchester (who for professional reasons does not wish his name published) writes: **'In May 1950 I was suddenly attacked with . . . Sciatica and Lumbago . . . Months of agony, with only occasional relief . . . I finally tried Fynnon Salt with amazing relief. Towards the end now of the second tin I am free of all pain, joints and nerve centres normal. I can walk and sit and bend in comfort . . . am sleeping regularly for the first time in 18 months and feel ten years younger.'**

Mrs. C. Codling, a widow of 73, resident in Ladywood, Birmingham, has also found relief from Rheumatic pain through taking Fynnon Salt regularly. **'I have been taking Fynnon Salt,'** she writes, **'since I was 60 years old for rheumatism, and now I am 73 years old and still at work . . . And I can thoroughly recommend it, which I have done to many of my friends.'** (The originals of these two letters can be seen at our offices).

THESE are only two among many hundreds of letters which tell of the wonderful relief rheumatic sufferers all over Great Britain are receiving from Fynnon Salt. It's no wonder Fynnon users are grateful when you consider the amount of pain and suffering and actual financial loss caused every year by rheumatism. It has been estimated that rheumatic diseases cost the country 45 million pounds yearly in working time!



This chart from official sources reveals the startling amount of rheumatism in the 25-45 age group. It shows why early treatment is now stressed.

Young People suffer too

Already the mobilisation of medical science has added much to our knowledge of rheumatism. **One of the most surprising discoveries is the extent to which rheumatism attacks those in the 25-45 age group. It is no wonder that today, more than ever, doctors emphasise the need for treatment as soon as the first symptoms occur.**

With greater knowledge has come widespread agreement among medical men that improper elimination of waste from the body frequently accompanies and contributes to rheumatic conditions — such as neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, fibrositis and gout.

How Fynnon can help

This emphasis on the elimination of waste products explains why Fynnon Salt's two-way action has proved of such benefit to so many.

1. Fynnon Salt is an effective but gentle aperient working on the scientific principles of osmosis. This natural process utilises body fluid, filtered through the intestinal tissues, to rid the system of waste matter.

2. It acts as a diuretic, flushing and clearing the kidneys and reducing the concentration of impurities in the blood—the approved treatment for certain rheumatic conditions.

The special virtue of Fynnon Salt lies in the even balance between its aperient and diuretic properties. A salt may have one or the other property to a marked degree, but Fynnon has both in almost equal measure. Thus, by itself, Fynnon is a complete internal cleansing agent.

The value of this balanced treatment has long been indicated by the amazing success in treating rheumatism, achieved by famous spas whose waters are similar in composition to Fynnon Salt.

Act on first twinges

Fynnon Salt can help you most if you take it before rheumatism becomes chronic. **Don't shrug off the first twinges. Rather, start taking Fynnon Salt, and keep it up (adjusting the dosage to your individual need) until its unique combination of mineral salts has a chance to help you.**

A teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt first thing in the morning, has become the key to health and fitness, freedom from rheumatic aches and pains, for thousands of former sufferers. You, too, should give Fynnon Salt a chance to free you from the misery of rheumatism and to restore the joy of living! *But, if you are seriously worried about your condition, or if it fails to respond to treatment, don't fail to consult your doctor.*

FYNNON SALT

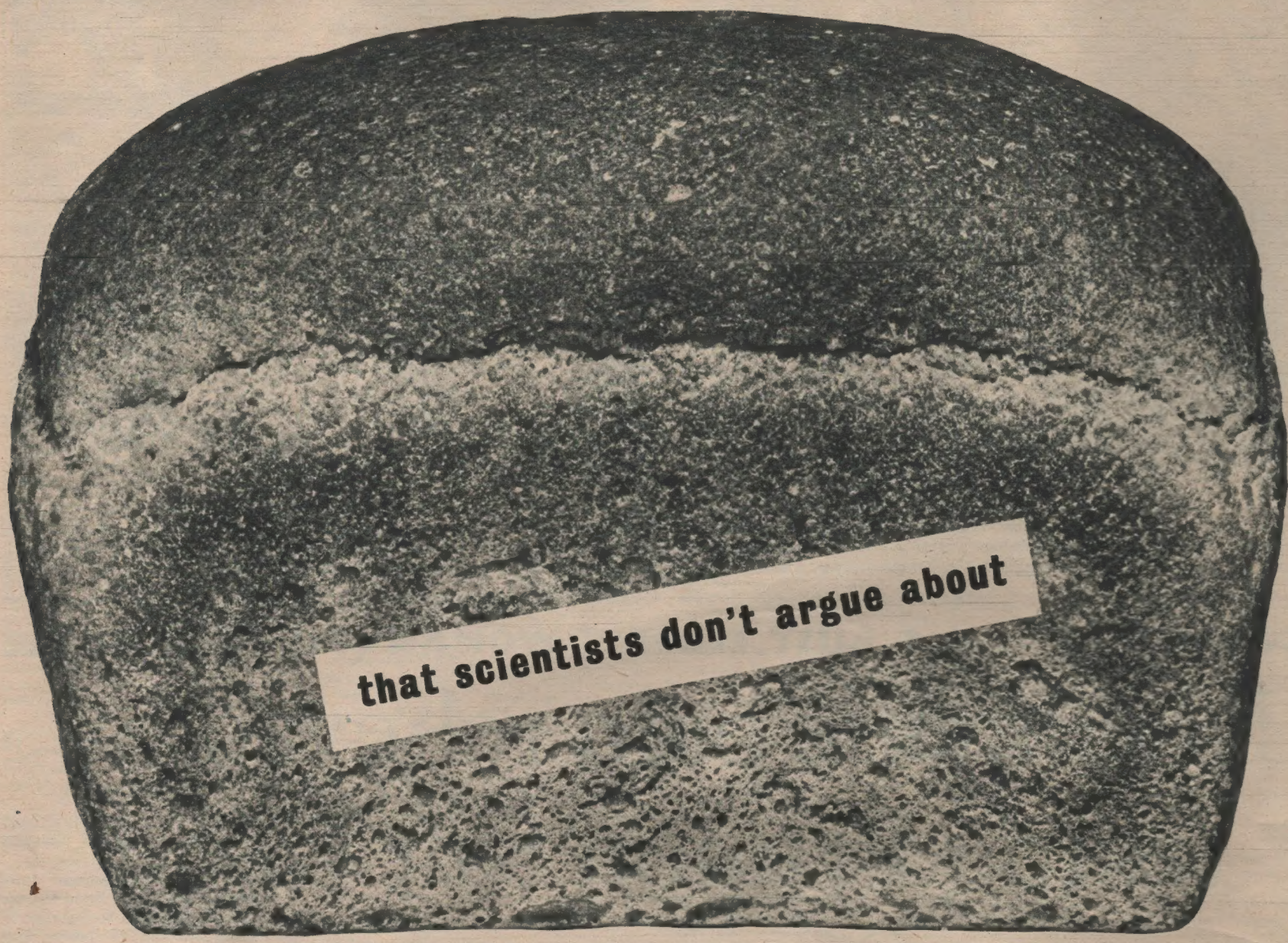
For the relief of NEURITIS · LUMBAGO
SCIATICA · FIBROSITIS · RHEUMATISM · GOUT

LARGE TIN 2/4½d.

FORMULA. Approximately: Sodium Sulphate 95·96%, Sodium Bicarbonate 1·95%, Potassium Sulphate 2·05%, Lithium Sulphate 0·033%, Iron and Sodium Chloride: Traces

FYNNON LTD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

Home truths about BREAD



Sometime this autumn, for the first time for nearly fifteen years, you are going to have a free choice of bread. Even if you're the most casual reader of newspapers, even if you glance only occasionally at a magazine, you've probably read the opinions of three or four different journalists on this subject, and as no two of them ever seem to think alike, you might wonder what all the arguing is about.

Well, to understand the thing properly you have to start at the wheat which is the basis of bread, and to realise that the making of flour is not quite so simple as it looks. Even a single grain of wheat is not a simple thing—small though it is, it is made up of many different parts, some of which are better suited to the feeding of animals than to the nourishment of human beings. So the miller's job is not just to grind the wheat grains into powder, but to break them up in such a way that he can separate and sort the different parts. Each can then be used for the purpose to which it is best suited. Broadly speaking, the main constituents of a wheat grain are:—

1 The starchy white kernel — the technical people call it *endosperm*—which is the only part used in the manufacture of pure white flour.

2 The *bran*, which is composed of the six layers of skin on the grain. This is mostly used for the manufacture of animal feeding stuffs.

3 The *germ*, which might be compared with the yolk of an egg, for it is the embryo of new life. If the grain is sown in the ground it is the germ which will develop into the new plant. It is this part, incidentally, which contains a high proportion of the wheat's food value.

The miller, then, has to separate these things from each other and make the flour in the way which he thinks will best please the baker, and, more important, you who will buy and eat the bread. He mills the grain, in fact, according to any one of a number of standards and leaves the choice to you. These standards differ, but here are a few of them:

Pure White Flour

The bran has gone. The germ has gone, too—and this is a pity, for with it have gone important elements of the wheat, and a very pleasant flavour. To make up for these dietary losses the flour may be "fortified" with vitamins and other nutrients, real or synthetic.

"National" Flour

Some, but not all, of the bran and germ have gone. The loss of the bran worries some expert dieticians, pleases others, but they mostly agree that the low germ content is a disadvantage.

Wholemeal

Just what it sounds—the whole meal, or wheat berry, ground to a powder, with nothing added and nothing taken away.

Hovis Flour

The bran has gone to do its most useful job, that of feeding the animals. The germ goes too, but only temporarily. At one point in its manufacture the flour is in its natural creamy state—unbleached of course—and then the important things start happening. The germ, which you remember contains so much of the wheat's natural goodness and flavour, is cooked by a special process to prevent deterioration; *it is then put back into the flour*. More than that, *many times more germ is added to make it richer still.*

Nature's Best

Well, it's going to be entirely up to you to choose your standard. Bread, white or otherwise is an important item in your daily diet; possessing as it does, body building properties and providing abundant energy. We don't try to hide the fact that this announcement is made with the intention of influencing your choice — because we sincerely believe that nature's best is still the very best. But whatever you do, remember that bread is a staple part of your diet; choose carefully.

Hovis Limited JULY, 1953.

THE TERRIBLE DESCENT

by ***RODERICK LULL***

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

It was perilous for one man alone. With a helpless girl it would be almost suicidal

BOWEN DROVE THE CAR into the abandoned stretch of road that had been all but devoured by the brush. He switched off the engine and sat still for a moment, then he opened the door and stepped out, feeling the weight of the climbing-boots he had not worn for so long, and looked up the steep lines of the little mountain.

"Well, I'm here," Bowen said. "So now what?" It wasn't a question—it was only that at a certain point you had to speak even when there was no one to speak to.

For a while it had seemed that he'd never find the place at all. It bordered on the country of his youth; once he'd known it better than the palm of his hand. But there had been an incredible maze of new roads and turnings that had made his sense of direction roll drunkenly.

The venerable oak tree had saved him. Ellen had admired it that time seventeen years ago. A magnificent tree, she'd said; look at it, as pretty and well-formed as a professional model! They'd laughed at that; and now Ellen was dead, so he was back now, alone, and he was about to climb a mountain almost no one had ever heard of. Because. . . .

Because, Bowen thought, he was a useless man, with no one to lean against him, in need and with trust. And there was more than that. There was the night they had spent in the cave near the top of the mountain, and the words she had said when they were lying relaxed and close to each other in the early hours of the morning. But he could not quite remember these words; he could remember only the sound of her voice and the feel of her hand in the blackness before first light. He had come back to find the place.

Bowen reached into the car for the knapsack and slipped it on.

* * *

The dog lay half way up the first sharp rise of the mountain, watching the car. He was a big dog; Alsatian predominated in him, but there were other breeds, too. He was hungry; his last wild rabbit had been killed and eaten three days ago, and since then he had lived on savourless roots and plants.

He had been here two weeks and this was the first car to enter the forgotten stretch of road. It was dirty; it looked as if it had come a great

One slip now would be fatal. He gripped her arms and slowly, gently, began to ease her down

Gently, he put his hand on the wound. "Take it easy now," he said. "I'm not going to hurt you"

distance and been driven hard. It stopped and a big, dark man stepped out.

The dog lifted himself. Eagerly he read the air—the smell of the fir trees, the oily odours the car made and, infinitely more important, the clear, increasing scent of the man.

He had never tasted the scent of this man before, but it was good. He wanted to run to him, to lift his face, to feel the touch of the man's hand along his head and shoulders and flanks. But the dog, remembering the bitterness of past experience, settled down in the shadows again, head on paws, haunches taut. Only his golden-yellow eyes followed the man.

THAT day seventeen years ago there had been a mist and the smell of storm. He and Ellen were on their honeymoon; they had been married eight days, two hours and something like thirty-seven minutes. And now, weather or no weather, they were going to climb this practically private Matterhorn of his.

Bowen, reluctant but defenceless, looked at her—a brown-haired, tall girl, with long legs and good shoulders, and the kind of eyes that said more than she could ever say in words. A girl who stirred you in many complex ways.

"Listen," Bowen said. "I shouldn't have brought you here in the first place. I climbed this hill—I won't dignify it by calling it a mountain—when I was a kid, and I was as proud as the devil of it. I pretended it was the Matterhorn, or maybe Everest. I told myself I'd come back some day with the girl of my dreams or something equally revolting. And then in a stupid moment, when you had me totally bemused, I told you about it. But——"

She laughed and kissed him lightly.

"You loved this mountain," she said. "You told me so. Perhaps I'm a little jealous and want to look the lady over. Anyhow, we're going up it and no argument. Let's start."

Bowen looked away, up at the hillside. The truth was, he'd like to climb it again. But the way up was difficult—far more difficult than anyone who hadn't tried it would realize—and a storm was on its way.

Then he looked at Ellen. She was wearing heavy climbing boots, slacks, a thick sweater and a stained leather jacket. She had little make-up on and the wind twisted her hair. No one, Bowen thought, had ever been quite so beautiful.

He said: "This hill isn't so easy as it seems. There are some awkward spots and next to no track. And the weather——" The sky was dirty dark, with great masses of clouds.

Ellen said, in a very quiet, matter-of-fact voice: "Let's go, Tom."

And she was right, Bowen knew. They had been married for eight days and two hours and a certain number of minutes. It was no time to be sensible.

He got a blanket from the car, a torch, cigarettes, the sandwiches he'd had made up in a roadside restaurant. He made a rough pack and secured it with his belt. They should have a climbing rope, but he hadn't one.

He'd told her the truth—the mountain was far tougher than it looked from below. You had to clamber up sheer faces of rock searching for tiny foot- and hand-holds. When these were accomplished, jungle-like brush met and resisted you. After two hours of it he knew he had been foolish. Rain was beginning to fall, the dark was not far off and away in the east he heard the gathering wind.

They were taking a breather at the foot of a sharp, massively tangled ridge when Bowen said: "If we aren't the world's champion fools we'll start back down. It'll be a nasty night on top."

Ellen, looking tired and very beautiful, grinned, and Bowen knew it was no good. When she smiled you could reason with her. When she grinned, her mind was closed.

"Then we're the world's champion fools. Come on, Tom."

"All right," he said. "But remember, it was your idea!" Then both were laughing.

Luckily, they were less than a thousand feet from the peak when the storm really broke. The rain was a waterfall, and it was mixed with pounding hail. It drenched them, hair and clothes and boots.

She tried to refuse his help; she wanted to hold her end up. But one of his hands worked for her, the other for himself. He was gasping and his eyes were blurred from effort when they came to the cave.

"In here, Ellen," Bowen said. "It's a cave. A big one."

She looked at him, the rain streaming down her face, her hair like a floor mop. "How far's the top?"

"A hundred feet, more or less. Don't worry about that; we'll go up in the morning."

"Let's go now," she said, and he could just hear her voice above the tumult of the storm.

YOU could hardly stand on the summit. The rain drove in, almost horizontally, the angry wind behind it. Below, you could see nothing save the massed stands of fir and the vague, wandering shapes of the valleys. They were there a long time, facing the storm, fighting it—in a curious way, defeating it.

"All right!" she said, and she was shouting. "Let's go back to the cave!"

He helped her down, and he could tell that now she wanted his help, from the way she let her weight come against him, the way she followed and obeyed without question.

Inside the cave he scraped up enough dry wood for a quick fire. He found big, partly rotted boughs of fir near the cave's mouth and brought in a fine pile of them. Then he gathered enough small needled branches to make a bed of sorts. He set the blanket up to dry and unrolled the sandwiches—water had soaked through the folds of waxed paper and there wasn't much but damp crumbs and bits of cheese and ham.

"They're fine," Ellen said. "Good enough for anybody. Even us."

Bowen built the fire up until the cave was as warm as anyone could want. He spread the dried blanket on the bed of branches. "We could have been in a nice hotel room," he said, "with hot and cold running water. With——" He bent his head and kissed her.

"My dear," she said. "My dear."

It was a long time later, an hour or two short of the first morning light, when they spoke again. They lay with hands and shoulders touching and talked, and the talk had the quality of dreams. They talked of the thousands of years that lay ahead of them, and all they would do. This was the way you talked when you'd been married—now—almost nine days.

Then she had said the thing that had vaguely troubled him, even then. She had not repeated it. He'd taken her in his arms and the time for talk was over.

They'd started down in the middle of the morning. They were half way to the foot of the mountain when she fell. There was no chance to catch her—her boot touched loose rock and she went sprawling. She made a small cry of pain, and in the next instant Bowen had hold of her, sick with fear. She brushed hair and dirt out of her eyes and smiled up at him.

"Just my ankle. The left one. I don't think it's anything really bad. But I'm afraid I'm going to be a horrible nuisance from now on."

He loosened her boot and examined the ankle. It seemed to be only a sprain. But it was swelling fast. They had a long and difficult way to go and she was next to helpless.

"I'll wait here," she said. "You go for help. I'll be all right."

It was the sensible solution, Bowen knew. But he wasn't going to leave her here alone for hours. They were going down together.

"No," he said. He took hold of both her hands. "Game?"

She looked at him for a long time. "O.K. Game."

AFTERWARDS, Bowen knew he had been inexcusably reckless—they might both have been killed. But there was infinitely more strength in her slim, straining arms than he could have conceived. There was more strength in himself, too. Sometimes he carried her, sometimes he lifted, sometimes he held her by the shoulders to ease her slowly and gently down abrupt drops. And sometimes, Bowen knew, he hurt her badly—it could not be helped. But there was never a complaint. All she said was: "We're doing pretty well, aren't we?"

Then they were down the mountain, and all the strength had gone out of him, as the air goes from a broken balloon. Somehow he got her into the car. He started for the other side, but she held him by the hand, not letting him go. "I'm glad it happened, Tom."

For a moment he was too dull-witted to understand. "What?"

"My falling—the accident. And the way you brought me down."

Bowen understood her then. When she had needed him greatly, he had not failed. He could take some small pride for himself in that—though a man should never really be proud because he had done what was right, what was his duty and obligation. And there was

Continued on page 32

INSIDE DARTMOOR

Part II of a vivid personal story from Britain's grimmest prison

I learn the criminal's twisted code

ANONYMOUS

PRISON IS A COMMUNITY and as such has its own rules and tensions, taboos, rewards and codes of behaviour. And, like any society, it has its social hierarchy. Those qualities that in the world outside earn prestige and consideration—birth, wealth, hard work, public service and intrinsic merit—are represented in prison by length of sentence. "Has he done time?" is the first question the underworld asks of a stranger in its midst; and "How much?" is the next.

At the top of this penal ladder of value in Dartmoor, as in any other penitentiary, stands the "lifer." He is the criminal's hero, the man who has dared and suffered the ultimate sanction of society. He is admired and lionized, the subject of unflagging curiosity and speculation. His criminal history, and especially the crime that brought him his sentence, is discussed and embellished by his fellow convicts in much the same way as a successful man's career is evoked in the free world.

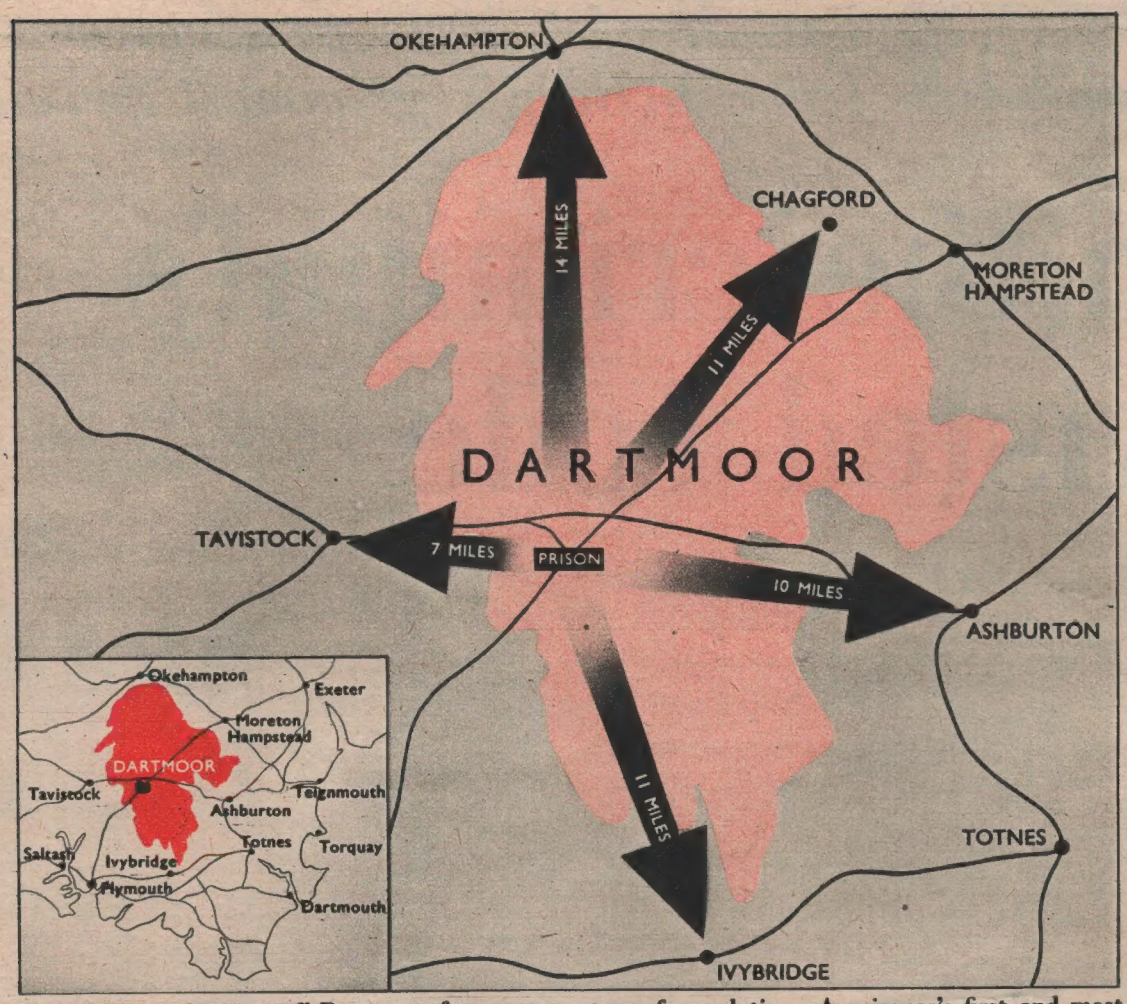
How many years he is doing is, then, the only criterion of a convict's value; for, with two exceptions, there are no moral judgments in prison on the nature of his crime. The exceptions are sexual assault on minors, and cruelty to children. Men guilty of these crimes were social pariahs in Dartmoor. Ignored by convicts and warders alike, they were barred from any participation in a group. No bribery could buy them help, and no service recognition.

News By The "Grapevine"

They were often in danger of assault. B——, for example, was doing a long sentence for cruelty to his son, a child of five years old, whose hands his father had burnt almost to the bone by holding them against a red-hot stove. As always, by the mysterious grapevine that operates in prison, it was soon known to all that B—— was going to be "done" on a certain day in the blacksmith's shop. The "doing" was swift and brutal. One moment B—— was assisting in a soldering operation; the next his right hand, maimed for life, was twitching in a glove of boiling lead. B—— made no charge for assault.

With my sentence of four years for a comparatively uninteresting crime, I was fairly low down in the penal social scale. Since I was determined to stay out of trouble and earn my full remission, I took care to keep my place and lie very low for my first days in the Moor. My object was to glean information rather than to give it; to plan a strategy which would win me acceptance from my fellow "lags" and neutrality from the warders—the "screws." Although I had

Under the watchful eyes of warders, Dartmoor convicts make a road for the army. In the whole jail, there is one warder to every two prisoners



The distances that cut off Dartmoor from any centres of population. A prisoner's first and most shocking feeling, says the author of these articles, is that of isolation, of being in a void

done a year in Durham, I still had six months to do as a "grey" prisoner, the first stage of a convict's prison life.

As a "grey" prisoner I had no privileges; above all, I was not officially allowed to associate with my fellows in any way. Information, except on exercise where talking is allowed, had to be obtained clandestinely: by whispers and tapping on cell walls, by notes flipped from hand to hand in the workshops or at "slopping out." A prisoner soon develops an extraordinary cunning. He finds himself possessed of qualities of ruse and deception that he never suspected. Dartmoor, in fact, encourages the exercise of all those qualities which are thought reprehensible in the outside world, while absolutely prohibiting those which society normally rewards.

It goes without saying that I did not thus formulate this inversion of values during my first days in the Moor. All that I knew then was that I must control myself and be on guard. I was like an animal exploring, with infinite caution, a new and unknown territory.

Inside The Great Wall

It is essential here, for what comes later, to give a general description of Dartmoor and some details of its régime. The prison area is about thirty acres, enclosed in a circular wall. The circle is bisected by a line of barn-like granite buildings which stretch across the diameter from wall to wall. Looking inwards from the main gate, the left- and right-hand sides of this line are respectively D and A "halls," or "blocks." Beyond them, built obliquely from the centre and radiating almost to the outer wall, are the sites of C hall (since pulled down) and B hall. In the triangular space between are the cookhouse, bakehouse and the Anglican chapel.

A square complex of buildings to the left of the main gate houses the workshops; opposite them across the main drive are the Roman Catholic and Noncomformist chapels, the prison officers' mess and the hospital. The governor's residence and those of the deputy governor and the medical officer are in the segment of the circle outside the prison, between the great entrance arch and the wrought-iron gates which lead to the prison itself. This design allows each hall or block to have its own parade ground, and it is in these areas that the convict, until he is allowed to work outside, spends the short time of his penal existence which is not passed in his cell.

"Killing time" is usually easy enough in the world outside prison. It means a book or a bunch of papers on a railway journey; an hour in a news cinema or a walk to the end of the road. In prison, time is never "killed." It is made war on, and the battlefield is the prisoner's cell.

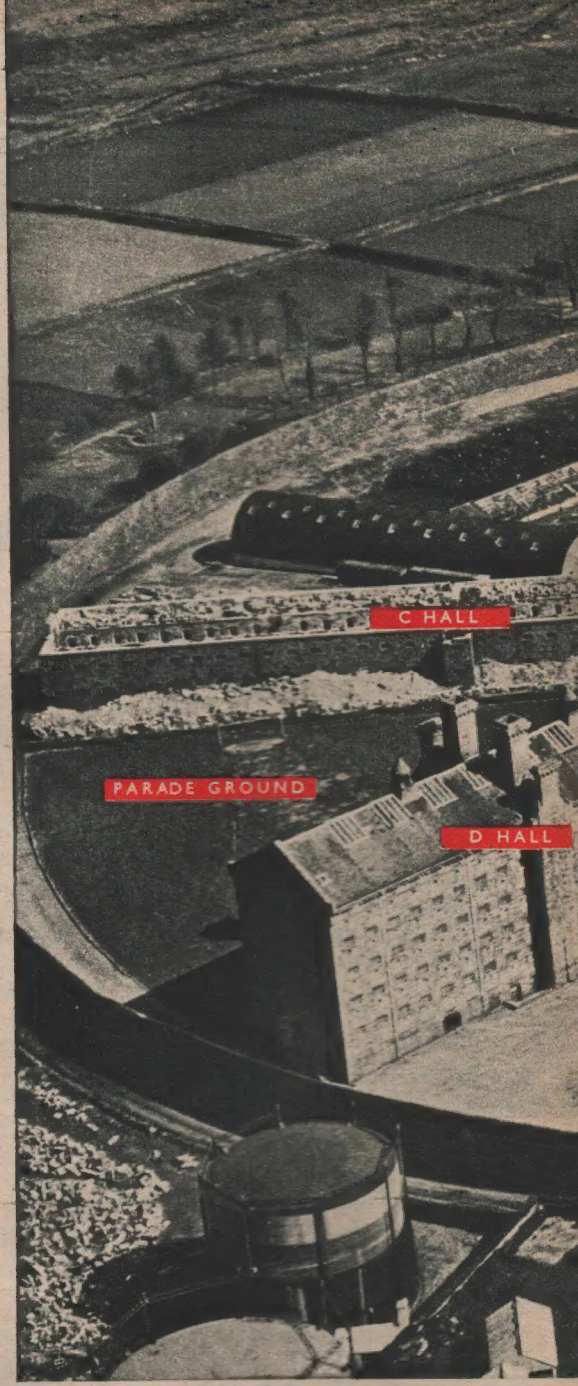
Jackdaws In The Cells

I read a good deal in Dartmoor because I happened to like reading. Others who couldn't read, or didn't care to, had to attack the enemy with other weapons. One of these, and not the least effective, was taming birds. There seems to be only one bird that approaches the Moor, and that is the jackdaw. Many convicts had tame jackdaws in their cells. Forbidden, of course, but the jackdaw could always be put through the ventilator on the approach of the "screw," or bundled under the bed.

Jackdaws had the advantage of being easily taught to talk. One prisoner, a little, dark, dried-up old fellow, was a genius at taming and training these birds. Some became so loquacious under his tuition that many "screws" bought them to take to their families, or to sell in Plymouth or Exeter. He made quite a good thing out of them, until one fell foul of authority.

It had been taught or had picked up a most opprobrious expression which, being no respecter of persons, it croaked out loudly from a hedge as the governor was passing. Major Harvey was not used to being insulted in his own prison and he ordered an immediate search. Those who saw the incident were treated to the sight of two warders floundering about in the hedge while the offending bird sat perkily on the prison roof.

Not all prison hobbies were so innocent. A man called A——, a wonderful forger, saw no reason why being at the Moor should interfere



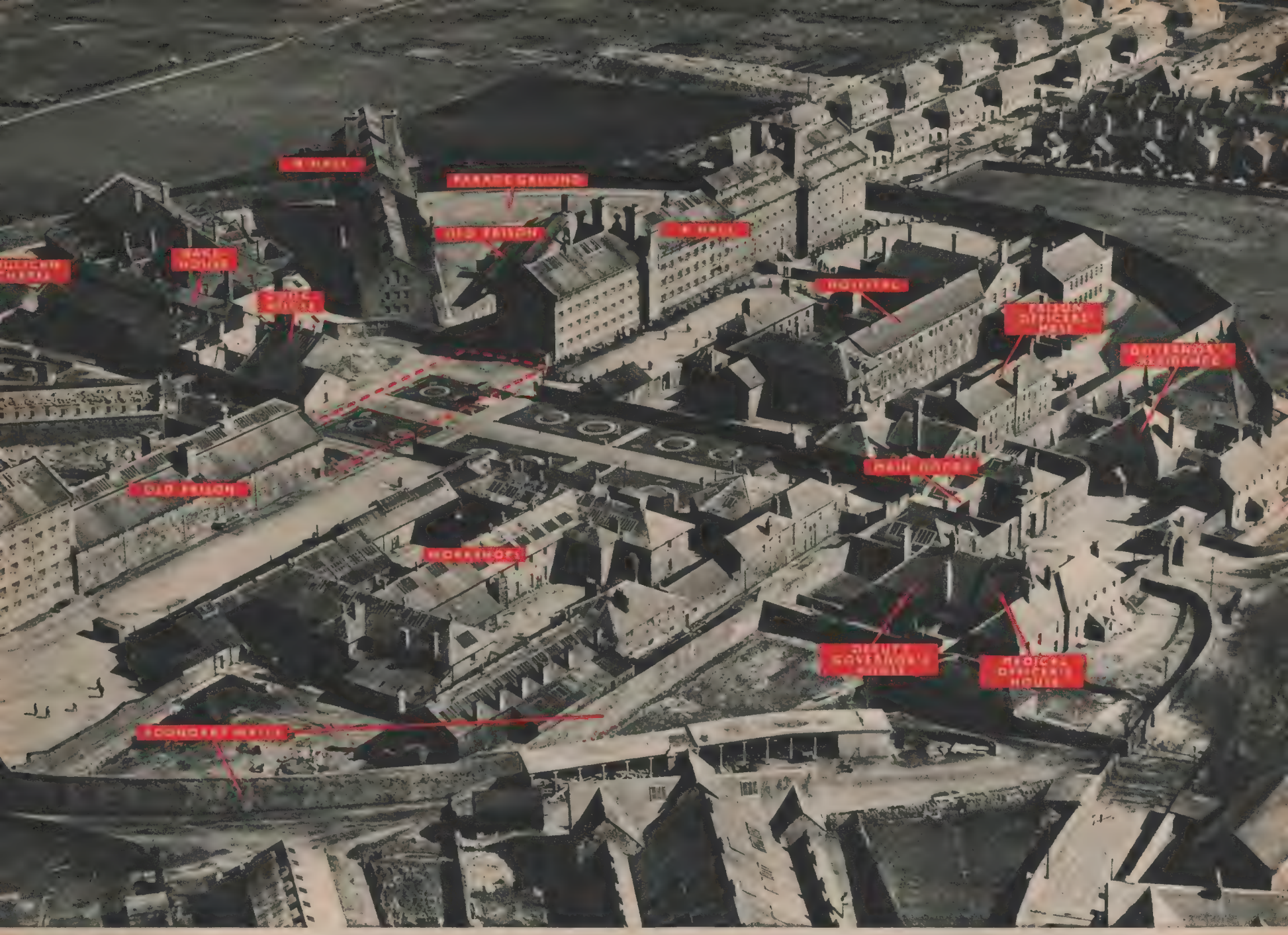
Layout of the most dreaded prison in Britain.

with his profession. With paper procured from no one knew where, and working with nothing more than a schoolkid's crayons, he made marvellous counterfeits of £1 notes. On one occasion, he was arrested for successfully passing notes he had made in the prison from which he had just been released. The work of a forger is necessarily ephemeral, but A——'s is commemorated by one of his famous notes set in a frame on the wall of the governor's office.

Authority in Dartmoor spends a large part of its time in counting its six hundred-odd prisoners. In reality the counting never stops, for even in his cell, day and night, a convict is spied on though the judas at regular thirty-minute intervals. I have been counted as many as eight times in a day. The numbering begins at 6.30 a.m. when the landing "screw" kicks on the door of my cell. I am checked again at slopping out and a third time at the local, or "hall" parade. Twenty minutes later is the general parade when, rain or shine, the whole prison assembles on the exercise ground to be numbered before the governor.

The governor, standing when it rains or snows under the protecting roof of what might be a bus shelter, receives the tally of each block from the appropriate officer much as a regimental adjutant takes the "states" of the unit from the platoon and company commanders. This ceremony over, the prisoners march away to their various workshops or working sites, where they are immediately numbered again.

On my first parade at the Moor, as I shivered in the raw air before marching to the mailbag shed, I took stock of my surroundings. The



Dotted lines in centre show site of the administrative block burned down in the 1932 mutiny. C hall, shown partly demolished, is now pulled down

first and most shocking feeling was that of absolute isolation. The prisons I had known hitherto had been urban. There, the sounds of life outside had penetrated the walls, even the sight of life going on beyond them had been possible. But Dartmoor, as I saw it that morning, seemed to be a void. Its horizons were sky and the tor-broken line of the moor. The life I had known before coming there not only receded, but suddenly ceased to have any reality.

Cut Off From Visitors

The sense of contact broken, is, of course, common to any prison experience; but at Dartmoor this reaction was made more painful by another factor: the realization of extreme inaccessibility. The knowledge that he can be easily visited is of enormous importance to the mental health of a prisoner. Even if he never takes advantage of his right to have a visitor, the possibility of seeing somebody from the outside is his only assurance that he is not quite abandoned; that he still retains some contact with free men. But there are few prisoners in Dartmoor prepared to ask friends or relations to make the long and expensive journey to Princetown. I come from Yorkshire, and the knowledge that I could never expect anyone to travel four hundred miles for half an hour's constrained conversation completed my sense of isolation.

From a more general point of view, Dartmoor's position on the map is no less unfortunate. All that can help to break the monotony of prison, such as approved unofficial visitors, concerts or evening classes, depend largely on the prison's proximity to a big town. The chaplain himself chooses and makes arrangements for these amenities. But, with the best will in the world, few artists or lecturers are ready to make the long, cheerless journey to Princetown in winter when the roads are almost impassable and the village often cut off from Plymouth and Tavistock by snow.

Before parades comes exercise, which is done in pairs—six feet between each pair—round a circle of about a hundred yards. Except at "association"—a privilege no prisoner is allowed until he has "done" eighteen months, and when he may mix for an hour a day with his fellows—exercise is the only period when prisoners may talk. Exercise for two hours a day is ordered by prison rules, although prison rules in the world of Dartmoor are interpreted with discretion by authority. It is unpleasant for "screws" to stand about in rain and snow watching six hundred men shamble round a circle, so exercise outside is cancelled in bad and sometimes not so very bad weather. But a determined man can stand out for the rules, and one of my more hilarious memories of the Moor is of a winter morning when an Irishman, Paddy ——, insisted on taking exercise and forced a very angry "screw" to follow him for an hour through a gale of icy sleet. Paddy did it, as he said, to "best them."

It was on exercise about a fortnight after my arrival that I got my first useful tip about the personalities on my landing, the men I must live with and with whom I must come to terms. I was walking with a man from my landing when he suddenly asked me if I knew so-and-so, the prisoner in a cell not far distant from my own. I said I knew him by sight. He was a young man, about twenty-two, and I had noticed him for his eternal set grin and the elaborate correctness with which he treated the "screws."

"Watch him," my companion told me. "He's a 'grass.' I heard him say your name to the landing 'screw' this morning."

Curiously, I, too, had heard this fellow mention my name at "slopping out," but had thought it was in reply to another prisoner who might have asked my identity. The information was valuable, and I gave myself a mental pat on the back for having resisted the temptation to get in touch with my cell neighbours earlier.

Way To An Easier Life

The "grass," or informer, is an inevitable product of prison life. I have said that prison is a war between the convict and authority, and in any war there will be traitors. The "grass" works for gain, which means the favour and complacency of the "screws." His reward is that life will be made considerably easier. Unless he makes a fool of himself he is not likely to lose marks or remission. He will know when there is going to be a surprise search of his cell—appearances must be kept up—and if there is a desirable and cushy job going in the kitchen or chapel he can hope to be in the running for it.

What he offers in return for these favours is information. Information of smuggling; of a certain prisoner who hoards tobacco in his mattress; of how another is thinking of a break-out; of how yet another is deliberately adulterating the porridge in the cookhouse so as to produce

Continued on page 22

Hey presto ! June gives Sheron a bedtime treat. When the McCombs stage a show, a baby-sitter takes over

"You're wasting the kid," Bob Hope told Billy, so June got her own act, and became a top-line woman magician

The McComb family have the magic touch

by JOHN ENNIS

Billy planned to be a doctor, but magic won in the end. Then he made conjuring a family business: he married his assistant

IN A DRESSING-ROOM of Dublin's Olympia Theatre, one night in 1944, Billy McComb, magician, could hear the pit orchestra playing the music that introduced his act. He swung his long opera cloak around his shoulders and hurried out. Running two at a time down the stone steps that led to the stage, he tripped over his cloak, fell, and knocked himself out.

Within a couple of minutes he came round, and staggered on the stage. There he found his assistant, June Cochrane, calmly bowing to the applause for the first trick, and preparing to go on with the second. Afterwards she explained: "I felt silly standing there waiting, and the audience was growing restless."

Billy had not realized that his glamorous assistant was able to do his tricks. Soon afterwards he worked out a new routine, in which each trick he performed was capped by an even more magical version worked by June. But nearly eight years went by, and June and Billy had married and left their home town of Belfast for London, before the full possibilities of June's talent dawned on them. One night, when they were doing their double act at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Bob Hope, who was in the same show, watched from the wings. As they left the stage, Hope took Billy aside.

"You're wasting the kid," said the Hollywood comedian. "A girl like that should have an act of her own."

When, a few weeks later, Carroll Gibbons, orchestra leader at the Savoy Hotel, gave the same advice, Billy began to think there might be something in it. June timidly agreed. Nine months ago the McComb family became two separate magicians, and June rose almost immediately to the position of leading woman magician in Britain.

Doubled Their Income

"We were already making a good living before June branched out on her own," says Billy. "She started at the top, and our income has doubled."

June has appeared in night clubs and at famous London hotels, and her act has been televised. But the McCombs try to avoid bookings that will keep them out of London for more than one night, because they do not want to uproot three-year-old baby Sheron (Irish for Geoffrey) from his home life. Much of their work is in midnight cabarets at private banquets, and they have to hire a baby-sitter while they are performing.

One evening, Princess Margaret saw their double act in a London theatre. Afterwards they dashed to a night club to take part in the cabaret, only to be told that Princess Margaret had arrived there, too. Billy protested, "But she has just seen our act." It was too late to find anybody to replace them.

"Fortunately," says Billy, "we always carry extra tricks for emergencies. We were able to put on an entirely new show." But they were unable to wait to hear how the Princess enjoyed seeing them twice in one evening. They had to dash home to relieve the baby-sitter.

June was nervous when she first faced audiences alone. One night, at the Coconut Grove, she suddenly saw Ava Gardner and Clark Gable watching her act, and she dropped three tumblers and ruined a trick. On another occasion, at Ciro's, she was doing a trick with an empty washing powder packet. The idea was to put three dirty pieces of silk into the box and bring them out clean. "I realized that I had put the silks in wrong," says June. "There was nothing else to do but shrug my shoulders, throw the box to the side and go on with the act."

Left Equipment Behind

Billy picked up the box and put it in order, and after she had taken her bow made her go back and do the trick. "It was a terrible anti-climax," he says, "but she would always have been afraid of that trick if I had not made her go back to it."

Performers who have shared dressing-rooms with the McCombs are inclined to think Billy is too harsh with June when things go wrong. One evening recently she was asked to do her act before members of the all-male Magic Circle—a high honour for any woman magician. She left an irreplaceable piece of equipment behind in a theatre, and Billy had to go back to retrieve it.

"I persistently nagged her, telling her she was to blame," Billy recalls. "By the time she walked on the stage she was in a raging temper, ready to do to the audience what she would have liked to do to me. This gave her an air of authority—which is exactly what a good performer needs to handle an audience. When she finished her act, five hundred magicians rose to their feet to applaud."

"Sometimes," says June, "I have been almost in tears. But I think Billy has discovered that I give a better show after a good row, and he picks a fight to get me in the mood."

Billy knows how easily things can go wrong for the magician. "Magic," he says, "is the only profession I know in which, if you lift the second finger instead of the third, everything falls to pieces. Luckily you can often bring the trick to some conclusion, even if it's not the one you intended."

For this reason he and June never use large-scale illusions, which cannot be rescued when a

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Three-year-old Sheron already knows a few tricks of the trade, and he joins his mother and father in a living-room rehearsal. Before a show Billy sometimes picks a quarrel with June. "She walks on the stage in a raging temper," he says. "It gives her the authority a magician needs"

slip is made. He remembers what happened to a friend who used to put a girl in a box, cover the box with a sheet, and haul it above his head on a rope. The idea was to say the magic word which caused the sheet to fall to the ground, the box and girl having disappeared. Then, to amaze the audience still more, the girl would come walking up the aisle of the auditorium.

One night, after he had made the box disappear, the girl failed to appear in the aisle. The magician saw her standing in the wings, grabbed her hand and made her take a bow. As the curtain came down he turned furiously upon her and said, "Don't ever do that to me again." The puzzled girl protested: "But you forgot to put me in the box."

For nine years Billy McComb studied to be a doctor. Magic had been his hobby since his schooldays, and when he failed in one of the eight subjects in his final examinations, he decided to make magic his career. "I found my profession was interfering with my hobby, so I gave up the profession."

Almost A Fatal Trick

While still a schoolboy he persuaded his housemaster that it would be perfectly safe for him to reproduce a Houdini escape at the annual swimming gala. His plan was to have himself tied into a sack and thrown from a diving board.

Only the housemaster knew that Billy intended to thrust his clenched fists inside the neck of the sack as the rope was being tied, so that by opening his hands he would be able to reach out and slide the rope away. The eager boys who tied the rope knew nothing of this plan, and before Billy could put his fists in place he was securely bagged and flung into the water. He pushed his shoulders against the top of the sack and his feet into the bottom corners, and the sack tore. "I was only just able to struggle to the surface," he explains. "And I have left Houdini's tricks alone since."

The knowledge he gained while taking his science degree at Queen's University, Belfast, has been useful in his career as a magician. Many of his tricks are worked out on scientific principles. In a new trick, he fills a glass with water, covers it with a card, and turns it upside down. He then takes away the card, and the water still remains in the glass, even when it is jerked up and down. Billy refuses to disclose how this is done, saying simply, "I just applied two scientific principles."

He amuses visitors to his suburban house in Edgware, Middlesex, by handing a paintbrush and a tin of paint to Sheron. When the child slaps paint on the back wall of the house, it turns out green with yellow spots.

His knowledge of zoology nearly caused a riot in the Magic Circle, the magician's own society. Walking into the Circle's clubroom in Euston Road, London, a few weeks ago, he offered to show his friends a new trick. From his pocket he took a book of stamps. He tore one stamp out and appeared to lick it and stick it to the wall. Immediately the stamp began to slide up the wall. Two hours later the stamp was still careering about the ceiling.

It was not really a conjuring trick at all. Billy had stuck an insect behind the stamp before entering the clubroom. He knew it would climb to the ceiling, seeking the warm air above.

"The magicians in the club made every kind of guess," Billy recalls. "One even talked of magnets on the other side of the wall. Strangely enough magicians—and intelligent audiences generally—are the easiest to fool, because they always look for the complicated answer. A child usually looks for a bit of thread—and he is often right."

His zoology failed him, however, in one original trick he tried to perfect. His idea was to take a tube of paper, put a mouse in each end, then pick up a pair of scissors and snip pieces off the tube until there was nothing left—and no mice.

In reality there was only one mouse, and a hole in the middle of the tube covered by the hand in which the tube was held. He intended to put in the mouse at one end, have it come through the hole into his hand, then use that hand to pretend to pick up the "second" mouse. The mouse was then to go into the other end of the tube, come out through the hole, and be put down out of sight as he picked up the scissors to cut up the empty tube. But the mouse, he found, did one of two things. Either it splayed out its legs and refused to enter the tube or, once inside, it ran upside down around the escape hole and jumped out of the other end.

June's Other Career

With her green eyes and ash-blonde hair, June has a second career as a mannequin and photographers' model. One morning she was sent by her agent to model some jewellery. The jeweller was startled when he found that the girl who was to wear his valuables was the magician he had seen performing at a banquet the night before. "His first reaction was to wonder whether it wouldn't be safer to lock up the jewellery and send me straight home," says June.

On another occasion, jewellery gave June the biggest shock of her career. She borrowed a ring from a woman in a night club, and began using it for one of her tricks. As the ring was handed over she had noticed the woman's escort give a startled jump. Throughout her performance she was distracted by the man as he stared at her.

"He was biting his nails," June recalls, "and afterwards I understood why. That ring was worth about £8,000." THE END

IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

To Nigger and Rosemary, in love, this time of waiting was hard to bear. Only the crisis kept them apart; and now the crisis was coming to a head

RAIN, THE DRUMMING RAIN of Northern Queensland's wet season, beat on the roof of the hut where an old man lay dying. As he lost consciousness, he had a weird dream of the future. He dreamt he was "Nigger" Anderson, an Australian airman—in the year 1983. . . .

In 1983, David, a pilot of the Queen's Flight in England, flew the Queen and her Consort to Australia. The Queen wanted to consult her Commonwealth advisers about a serious crisis at home, for Britain had a government that made the job of Royalty almost too difficult to handle.

Canberra gave the Royal party a wonderful ovation. At Tharwa, the Royal residence, the Queen was able to relax after the strain of the last few months.

For David, too, this trip to his home country was a holiday. He was in love with Rosemary Long, a secretary on the Queen's personal staff. Though sensitive about the fact that he was one-quarter coloured, he had plucked up courage to propose to her. Rosemary's answer was "Not yet": her job, at present, was too important to her. But she was delighted to see his country for the first time.

On the return flight, they found England blanketed with December fog. To Nigger's surprise, they were refused permission to land at London Airport. It looked like a deliberate slight to the Royal party. For they were ordered to land over two hundred miles from their destination, at Driffield, in Yorkshire. . . .

PART 7

Diversion To Driffield

THE pilot went in silence to the chart table and ran out the new course, made the signal and gave the course to Ryder at the control; then he relieved him and slipped into the first pilot's seat himself. He was no longer angry, because he knew that no complaint could lie against him, or against his crew. He knew that the B.O.A.C. training staff at Hurn, at an investigation, would vouch for their competence. This was something bigger than that. This was some petty mind at work, some small, powerful official saying to the Queen: "Well, if you insist on flying with these Colonials you must expect to suffer some slight inconvenience, you know."

Behind him, Frank Cox, Captain of the Queen's Flight, took the signal log from him and went aft with it. David turned in his seat to look after him, and through the open door that led into the cabin he saw him knock at the Consort's door. He tightened his lips at the thought of this welcome home, and turned to his job with a heavy heart.

He broke through the cloud ten miles short

Continued on page 25.

Rosemary relaxed into his arms and put her face up, and he kissed her. "Dear Nigger," she murmured. "We mustn't do this. Not yet"

The doll who is real to a million children—with the man who brings him to life. As usual, it's the limelight for Archie, the background for Peter Brough.

Peter Brough makes a fortune by educating Archie

by KEITH ELLIS

The mischievous schoolboy with a knowing manner has done more than build up a huge army of fans. He can also sell anything from books and jigsaws to soap and iced lollies

IN A RECENT REHEARSAL SESSION at the B.B.C.'s Paris Cinema recording studio, Peter Brough and Max Bygraves had been practising a song for so long that Roy Speer, the producer, warned them to mind their voices. Bygraves glanced over at Brough. "Don't lose Archie's," he cracked. Brough smiled. Quietly, almost absent-mindedly, he remarked: "Archie's voice is golden."

Doubtless he was recalling the numerous occasions on which his ventriloquist's dummy has been referred to as "Mr. Brough's Golden Boy." The description is apt, for Archie Andrews, the mischievous schoolboy with a knowing manner and twinkling eyes, has made Brough one of the richest men in show business. Several public opinion polls acclaimed his weekly radio show, *Educating Archie*, as the most popular variety programme for 1952. B.B.C. figures confirm that it was heard by 7,500,000 listeners every Thursday, a further 8,400,000 when it was repeated on Sundays, and 3,000,000 more for its final repeat on Wednesdays. In addition, there were three repeats on the foreign service, and the programme was also transcribed for block sale to foreign broadcasting systems.

At thirty-seven, Brough is slim, dapper and touching six feet. He has wavy, light brown hair. His front teeth protrude slightly and are cut away in the shape of an inverted V. "I chipped them in a rugger accident," he says. "My parents wanted me to have them crowned, but I found they helped my ventriloquism." His preference for well-cut tweeds and flannels has earned him the title of "the best-dressed man in Broadcasting House."

In the three series of *Educating Archie*, Brough has achieved a national popularity which rarely comes in so short a time. He has penetrated all parts of the country and every social class. After a typically active day in which he played golf at Gleneagles, travelled more than a hundred miles by train to Girvan, in Ayrshire, and showed his wife round a textile mill there, he insisted on chartering a boat to take a party of friends to the tiny islet of Ailsa Craig. The inhabitants gathered on the landing-stage to welcome them, and recognized Brough immediately. "We've seen your photograph in the *Radio Times*," they said.

He is even better known to the Royal Family, whose staff parties at Windsor Castle

and Buckingham Palace he has organized for many years. After one show, the late King asked if he might find out for himself how Archie worked. He fiddled with the controls for a few moments, then removed the head "Your Majesty," cracked the dummy, "I am the only fellow you have ever beheaded."

Archie Andrews is also the only dummy to have had top billing in a West End show and to have his likeness exhibited at Madame Tussaud's. With his master, Brough, he has opened the Schoolboys' Exhibition, introduced the Festival of Radio, and presented a cup to the winner of a beauty contest. Throughout it all, Archie with the heart of oak has remained the golden dummy.

In 1951, Brough's total income from show business was quoted as £31,000. "In 1952," he says, "I made much more." Yet he looks on entertainment work as no more than an elaborate sideline. His real work, he says, is his textile agency, which represents in London eight Scottish mills. Though he keeps textiles separate from ventriloquism, Brough applies to his act—and to his whole life—the techniques which have proved successful in business.

Slickest Show On The Air

"He is first and foremost a business man," says an old friend, the impresario Harold Fielding. "That's his first thought. Even the way he puffs a cigar is worked out to a 'T.'" Most variety people agree that *Educating Archie* is the slickest show on the air today. "It's planned down to the last word as a commercial proposition," says one of the principals. Harold Fielding adds: "He couldn't have made children believe in Archie Andrews otherwise."

And Brough has done just that. As letters from irate parents suggest, a high proportion of his radio audience consists of children, who listen to his show sometimes twice or three times. He is also one of the few variety artists who consistently attract a larger audience at their first house than at their second. Many children look on Archie Andrews as a real, live person, more articulate than they could ever be.

When Brough mislaid his dummy eighteen months ago on a train journey from King's Cross to Leeds, one boy, typical of many, spent the whole of the next day scouring the streets of his native town for the missing Archie.. It was raining, and over his arm he carried an extra raincoat in which to wrap Archie when he found him. After Archie had been recovered—from the left luggage office at King's Cross—the same boy sent Brough a toy pistol. "This is for Archie to defend himself the next time someone tries to kidnap him," he wrote.

It is not only in show business that Archie Andrews has made money for Brough. Commercially, Brough has exploited his dummy intensively. Nineteen manufacturers produce thirty-one different articles bearing the Archie Andrews *cachet*. There are Archie Andrews toffees, vests, felt bootees and school readers. There are six Archie Andrews dolls, models and puppets of various kinds, including one of soap. There are men's ties and scarves, modelling sets, painting books, film strips, jigsaws and even a blackboard and easel.

Lollie Is His Best Line

Brough's ingenuity in spotting new ways of exploiting his brain-child is unflagging. He was signing autographs in his dressing-room recently when he noticed among the albums an attractively produced girl's diary. "There's no reason why there shouldn't be an Archie Andrews diary next year," he declared, and jotted down the name of the printer.

Perhaps the most successful line of all is the Archie Andrews Lollie Club, an organization in the guise of a fan-club which promotes the sale of iced lollipops made in the shape of Archie Andrews. A monthly magazine is circulated, and special parties and theatre trips arranged when Brough is performing in the district. More than 80,000 children have sent in twelve lollie wrappers each to become members, and many have qualified as star members by securing ten ordinary members. One small boy is said to have enrolled seven hundred new members in two months. In the first year of the club's existence, more than eight million lollies were sold at threepence apiece.

Of his other lines, Brough has sold more than half a million puppet heads, a million soaps, 400,000 jigsaws, 100,000 large dolls and 30,000 copies of his 1952 annual.

As a textile agent, Brough is known as a go-getting salesman with a sound technical knowledge of the business. "He knows what the machinery is for, and whether a cloth can be made lighter or heavier, whether it can be milled up or reproduced with thicker or thinner thread," says Walter Armstrong, of West of Scotland Home Industries, one of the firms Brough represents.

"He's a manufacturer's man," says Jimmy Rennie, a partner in Lawson's, of Kilmarnock. "If a line were priced at 19s. 4d., he wouldn't, like some agents, ask if we'd sell at 19s. 2d. He'd get 19s. 6d. if he thought it was worth it. He has excellent contacts and gets us the top models for exhibitions. When business is off, he's exceptionally good."

To cram these multifarious activities into his day, Brough is usually in his office at nine thirty each morning, takes a short lunch hour—usually with business associates—and works until five thirty. He then has tea and drives to the theatre when he is due for a twice-nightly performance. Between acts, he meets contacts, rehearses, or listens critically to the recording of his weekly show on his portable radio.

On Sundays he spends most of his day rehearsing and recording *Educating Archie*. "To me," says Eric Sykes, his scriptwriter, "he seems to work twenty-four hours a day."

Slave To The Telephone

For about twenty weeks a year he takes variety dates in the provinces and conducts his business by phone during the day. Roy Speer, the producer, says that he often rings three times in one day to discuss points in the show.

His slavery to the phone is something of a joke among his friends. Ronald Chesney says that when Brough makes an appointment to play golf, he is liable to turn up an hour and a half late. "After four holes, he goes off to telephone—and that's the end of our morning's golf."

When he invites people to tea, Brough is liable to appear with a bundle of files which he planks unashamedly on the table. After exchanging a few pleasantries, he remarks: "Please excuse me; I have to write a letter. Do help yourselves." Smilingly he explains: "There are only a certain

Archie goes on the air—with Max Bygraves (left), Hattie Jacques and Peter Brough.

Peter Brough and Archie get a welcome from fans as they arrive at the B.B.C.'s Paris Cinema recording studio. They have penetrated to all parts of the country and into every social class

An estimated nineteen million listeners hear the show each week. But putting it on TV means a voice-production problem

The sort of stunt that gives Archie his widening public: night club dancing with actress Mercy Haystead. It has all helped to make him "Mr. Brough's Golden Boy"

number of hours in a day, and so much to do in them. You *do* understand?"

Brough is able to get away with what would be considered a breach of good manners in anyone else by his charm. He pours it out unstintingly to keep the wheels of his businesses smoothly turning. "He makes you feel that you're the most important person in the world," says Max Bygraves.

Roy Speer confirms that Brough's diplomacy is a major factor in keeping a happy team spirit in the studio. "When the scripts for some programmes are handed out," he says, "the cast retire to corners to count their lines. *Educating Archie* is not like that." Brough is not a show-stealer and, when a joke goes down well, he nods a compliment to the performer.

"Crafty," Said The Queen

The same charm emerges when he is warming up the studio audience for a radio show or chatting with the Queen after a staff party. Last Christmas, he beat every Palace newspaper correspondent on the Queen's views on whether the Coronation procession route should be extended. Her wish that it should be was reported in the following day's newspapers. What was not reported was the rest of the conversation. "In all these processions," said the Queen, "it's the crafty ones who get the best view."

"How do you mean, ma'am?" asked Brough. The Queen smiled: "The crafty ones see the procession coming in the distance and pretend to faint. They are then passed over the heads of the crowd to the front. When the procession arrives, they have the best seats of all."

Jimmy Rennie describes how Brough uses his charm in salesmanship. Rennie had called several times on a somewhat pernickety woman buyer, without success, when Brough offered to go with him. After introducing himself, Brough indulged in a little mild flattery. The woman softened, but still showed little interest in his products. Instead, she chatted about his radio show. Suddenly Brough produced a couple of tickets from his pocket. "Would you like to see it?" he asked. The woman was delighted and said she would like to keep his samples for a while. "We got a useful order," says Rennie.

Probably no other entertainer has been so carefully trained for success as Brough. His grandfather, a Leicestershire farmer, was an amateur mimic and animal impersonator. His father, Arthur Brough, combined a day job in the textile business with evenings as a stage ventriloquist. Today, Arthur Brough devotes himself entirely to his son's agency.

When Arthur's son was born at Ealing in 1915 he decided to call him Royce. "I could see the name Royce Brough up in lights," he says, "but somehow people started calling him Peter." When the boy was six, he bought him a doll and set him to practise ventriloquism. At ten, young Peter was ready to give his first concert for the Salvation Army. Then he began to practise in earnest, spending two hours in front of a three-sided mirror before and after school.

Brough, senior, had no intention of making his son exclusively a ventriloquist. "I decided he should have two strings to his bow," he says. When Peter left school at sixteen, he entered a firm to learn the textile business, and eventually became a salesman.

First Job—Half A Guinea

He still practised with his dummy and, when he was eighteen, Will Fyffe's agent, Tom Pacey, found him his first professional booking at an Edgware Road cinema for half a guinea. A year later, an Islington cinema provided his first full week's work.

Both father and son prospered in textiles. In 1937, when Peter was twenty-one, they decided they were sufficiently well-connected to start a textile agency. The agency was started in Peter's name, and has been run ever since by father and son working together.

The war, which might have spelt the end of all their hopes, was in fact the making of Peter. In 1941 he became a private in the R.A.S.C. and was soon seconded to *Stars In Battledress*. When he was invalided out eighteen months later, he was able to combine his textile work with better variety dates than he might otherwise have expected. For a while he toured with Joe Loss. But it was in variety that he met the man who was to point his way to success.

Wally Ridley, now recording manager of a gramophone record company, was at that time a song-plugger. He was also a part-time adviser to music hall stars. One night in 1942 he made a routine visit to the Golders Green Hippodrome, where Brough was appearing. "He was low on the bill," says Ridley, "down among the wines and spirits." After the show, he went round to Brough's dressing-room. "Your act is old-fashioned, your patter weak and your dummy atrocious," he said.

The Voice That Clicked

He advised Brough to take several months off and develop a completely new act. Some weeks later, he accompanied Brough on a business trip to Scotland, and afterwards they took a few days' working holiday at Brora on the north-west coast. For almost the whole of that time, they paced the beach together while Brough produced scores of different voices for the new act. Suddenly one of them clicked.

The two of them next worked out on paper the sort of face that belonged to the voice. It was that of a cheeky little boy aged fourteen. Ridley then brought Brough back to London and arranged with a Streatham craftsman, named Len Insull, to produce four masks from their sketches. The total cost was £250. They chose one and had the dummy made up.

Ridley now commissioned Sid Colin to write a modern script and took Brough to Lime Grove studios, where Ted Kavanagh was working on an *Itma* film. Ridley mentioned that they had no name for the new doll. Kavanagh took a long look. "The name," he said, "is Archie Andrews."

Shortly afterwards, Ridley arranged for

Continued on page 24

"Go back to where the Indians got us," her mother had said. She clutched her injured arm, alone, hungry and afraid

Little girl lost in the night

by ***DOROTHY M. JOHNSON***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Was she still alive? Her mother, a captive of the Indians, did not know. She could only wait—and pray that someone would find her

SHE STOOD WHERE the harsh hands had pushed her. The Indians had thrown a stinking blanket over her head so that she could not see the soldiers just above her on the hill. Around her she felt the strength and menace of the Sioux; she heard rustlings and murmured growls. She listened, not breathing, trying to hear the talk of the chief with the soldiers.

She heard wagon wheels and a man's voice barking, "Whoa!" The ransom wagons! she thought. She breathed again.

The chief's voice, old and querulous, came from a distance: "The gifts are enough. The white woman can go now to her people."

He was giving her freedom because she had healed his wound. There was angry murmuring among the Indian men, but someone snatched the blanket from her head and someone else pushed her so hard that she stumbled.

She walked up a hill on moccasined feet that had calloused on bitter trails. But she was not walking on the ground; she was a little above it, she thought. It was safer that way, between heaven and earth, where she could not really be hurt. She had discovered many ways to keep from being hurt during the past seven months.

Now the real peril clutched her heart, because who could say that she would ever be allowed to reach the little group of waiting soldiers?

As she plodded along, she sought safety in a place no one else knew about. She had found it months before, when the Sioux had said they were going to kill her. The white soldiers had pursued them for so long that they had become irritable from the wearying retreat. Pleading was useless; Indians jeered at pleading. They had struck her when she went on her knees to beg for life.

AND so she had learned not to kneel or plead or even weep. Her soul simply hid behind her body for protection. Her self, her soul, was a fist-sized black cloud just behind her heaving chest. It hovered behind her lungs, safe and protected.

She had stood alone before the threats, waiting for the blows, murmuring the words that the Sioux knew were magic because she had used them to calm the old chief when he was delirious from a wound. She had stared at the hating faces, whispering: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want . . . for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me . . . in the presence of mine enemies. . . ."

Two of the squaws had beaten her with sticks, and when her body seemed no longer a hollow hiding place, she moaned. But her self was safe. Only her body was hurt.

She had sought that hiding place often and had found peace there when the danger was most terrible. You must stay in it now, she warned herself, until we reach the fort.

The white men stood on the hill. The old chief's aides had gone down to ransack the wagons and examine the horses that had drawn them. The Indians who had been with her were running to get their share.

She stumbled on.

One of the soldiers was tall. She gasped at sight of him. Is that my husband in the blue uniform? But no, he must be dead.

The tall soldier bowed. "Lieutenant Widdicombe, Mrs. Foster," he introduced himself. "We are relieved to see that you are well."

There must be some polite thing that she should say, but she could not remember. She had not slept for—how long? Staring at the tall officer, she moved her lips. "Mr. Foster? He was killed?"

"I am happy to tell you that he is safe in St. Louis. He arranged for your ransom."

She licked her lips and repeated, "Safe." Frank Foster, the tall protector, was alive instead of dead. I do not deserve him, she thought. She spoke a name: "Mary?"

The officer shook his head. "I'm sorry, ma'am. We haven't had any word of your little girl. We hope she was picked up by emigrants. Are you able to ride? We should reach the fort before dark."

She said strongly: "I can ride." She was used to walking, with heavy burdens on her back. She had not been allowed to ride since the first week of her captivity, when the war party had travelled fast.

THE officer warned: "We must not seem to be in any hurry." He turned to signal a dignified farewell, with arm upraised to the old chief.

Down by the wagons, the yelling warriors were tearing apart the bundled ransom gifts, and wrangling.

A rifle shot cracked out as if the upraised arm had been a signal. The youngest soldier's horse began to shy. When he had quieted the animal, the soldier stared down at blood

Mrs. Foster felt like crying. They were so young, the flirting girl and the boy who was a soldier

seeping through his trouser leg below the knee. He said gruffly: "I'm hit."

Mrs. Foster clutched at her saddle.

"Nothing's happened," the lieutenant said fiercely to the hurt soldier. "We've no time to argue."

Then they were riding, and Mrs. Foster counted the soldiers. There were six of them, exactly the number specified in the last letter she had written to the fort. The old chief had dictated the terms as she wrote.

They are brave men, she thought, and then she preferred not to think any more except about the fort, walled in from peril.

But instead of the fort she saw, as she rode, a fair-haired child alone on the prairie that had no end or shelter, a little girl stumbling and crying, calling: "Mama! Mama!"

Mrs. Foster turned to the officer and said: "I must tell you about Mary, about my little girl." But when he answered sympathetically, she did not seem to be able to say more.

After a long time they stopped to rest. Mrs. Foster knew she should be looking after the wounded soldier—the healing that was in her hands and voice had kept her alive among the Sioux—but the officer took charge, and she did not dare to push herself forward to help.

She heard the lieutenant warn: "We've got about forty miles to go yet." She heard the hurt soldier's stout answer: "I can do it, sir." But the boy could not mount his horse without help.

They rode fast until a soldier called sharply: "Dust!"

Mrs. Foster lay in a shallow ravine, and the wounded soldier was lying there, too, with two other soldiers crouched down, watching something far away. When one of them glanced towards her, she said: "If the Indians come, I want you to shoot me."

He said: "Why, ma'am!" sounding shocked, and his face flushed red behind the sunburn and the dust. Mrs. Foster felt relieved, guessing that he had his orders.

She crept to the wounded boy. "Let me help you," she crooned. "I healed the chief. They called me a medicine woman."

He said stoutly: "I'm all right, ma'am."

IT was a test, Mrs. Foster thought. They were deceiving her, and if she did not heal the boy, she would suffer for it. She crouched down beside him and laid her hand on his forehead. He scowled, and then she began to whisper her charm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . . ."

Another soldier shouted from far away, and Mrs. Foster heard someone say she could stand up now, but she went on with her charm. If I cure him, she thought, maybe he will listen while I tell about Mary. If I tell someone now, then perhaps later I can bear to tell Mr. Foster.

A soldier came up the hill and said: "It's five wagons of emigrants up ahead, ma'am. We're to travel with 'em to the fort."

Mrs. Foster began to tremble. "Then we won't get there tonight."

"We might," the soldier lied cheerfully. "Anyhow, we'll be a stronger party."

Mrs. Foster groped for the exact terms of the agreement with the Indians. She had written it down, translating the chief's words for the soldiers at the fort to read if the letter ever got there, if the Indians were not lying again. "Only six men were allowed," she murmured mutinously. "Only six men to take me to the fort."

And yet the contract was to be broken. The emigrants would be a terrible danger to the ransom party, for it had been promised that only six men would travel from the rendezvous to the fort. The Indians, who would be watching, would believe the promise had been broken on purpose. She preferred not to think of it. She let her thoughts lie alone in the dark caverns of her mind; she let her hands weave their spell and her voice murmur the magic charm that had saved her. Clouds were white in the clear blue sky, and wind rustled the autumn-crisp prairie grass. There was no defence.

A soldier said: "We're to catch up with the wagons, ma'am." As if coaxing a child, he added: "There's white women with the wagons. Wouldn't you like to see some white women again, after all them squaws?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried, getting to her feet. "I only saw one white woman in all that time, and she was a captive, too. She drowned herself."

I must look dreadful to be meeting white women, she thought, and her hands went to her hair. The hanging braids were crooked and mussed; the squaws had not let her borrow a comb in these last weeks while the Indians were waiting to see whether the ransom would come. She brushed hopelessly at her dress, but brushing was no use when the dress was a greasy hand-me-down of deerskin.

As they rode on with a soldier close by the wounded man to see that he stayed in the saddle, Mrs. Foster began to feel the nearness of comfort. White women. Ladies to talk to, ladies to sympathize! They will understand when I explain, she told herself. Tears welled into her eyes, and she thought: We will cry together about my little girl.

As they came closer to the moving wagons, she could see a sunbonneted woman walking beside the last one, holding a small boy by the hand. She could not wait. She kicked her horse and rode ahead of the soldiers.

She called out, choking, to the woman: "Hallo! Hallo!"

The woman turned a thin, dust-stained, sunburned face towards her, staring with squinted eyes. And Mrs. Foster saw not friendship but enmity, the same hatred she had seen in the dark faces of the Sioux. The woman turned away without speaking.

The lieutenant said: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Foster. The emigrants are afraid to have us with them for fear the Indians are following us—but they're afraid to go on without us for fear of Indians, too. You'll be in the second wagon, some people named Rice. A man and his daughter. You can ride in their wagon from now on. The girl's fixing a bed so you can rest."

Mrs. Foster said harshly: "I'd rather ride with the soldiers. They're not afraid to have me."

"Mrs. Foster," he asked gently, "how long is it since you've slept?"

She blinked. "I don't know. Not last night or the night before. I was afraid to sleep."

"You'll sleep well tonight, then," the lieutenant said, and she read warning into the promise. Tonight the Sioux might attack because the contract had been broken.

She spoke suddenly. "Did you say my husband is all right?"

"He is, ma'am. He recovered entirely from his wound, and he moved heaven and earth to arrange the ransom. You are to join him in St. Louis when it is safe for you to travel."

She drew a deep breath. "I don't know how I can face him. I don't see how I can tell him about Mary. It was my fault, you know."

"Nothing was your fault," the lieutenant said sharply. She heard him call her a brave woman, but it was not true. She was only desperate and enduring—and cunning when she had to be. She rode with her head down, not awake but not sleeping.

SHE heard the lieutenant say: "This is Bessie Rice." She opened her eyes to see a round-faced girl of perhaps sixteen staring from the back of a wagon—a fair-haired girl with blue eyes.

"Not Mary," Mrs. Foster said, shaking her head. "She was only seven."

She shut her eyes so as not to have to see the girl who might, after all, be a cruel illusion—or could Mary have grown older in months, or had years passed on the prairie?

"We're going to let our wounded man travel in the Rices' wagon," the officer said. "It would oblige me if you'd ride with him and get yourself some rest."

Rest, Mrs. Foster thought. Didn't the man understand that to rest was to die if the Sioux were following? Rest—laid to rest. That was what they did with dead people back home, laid them to rest, deep in the earth, so their bones did not have to bleach in the wind-rippled grass. But if others could speak with two tongues, she could be deceitful, too. She would pretend to rest.

She answered meekly: "Yes, Lieutenant, whatever you think best."

She let him help her up into the wagon where the wounded soldier lay.

The soldier was silent, but she felt him watching in the dimness, felt him wishing she

Continued on page 33

INTRODUCING . . .

DIGBY

by DAVID WALKER

A BRILLIANT, high-spirited new novel begins in JOHN BULL in two weeks' time. It is called *Digby*, by David Walker, and it is the most hilarious novel of the year.

DIGBY P. ROSS, head of the gigantic Ross Corporation of America, had come to Scotland for a peaceful holiday. He had heard about the salmon, the grouse and the stags, and the wild beauty of the Highlands. He had not heard about Fiona Kilburnie. . . .

FIONA WAS chief of the Clan Kilburnie, and like no other girl he'd ever met. One look at this stormy, red-haired Highland beauty and poor Digby was lost.

IF HE SAW the trouble he was heading for, he was too infatuated to stop himself—too dizzily in love to care. . . .

Serialization of this gay, sparkling novel begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL, JULY 25

An ancient cathedral door lock is tested by George Boyce. A third generation locksmith, he makes his trade his hobby

His kit spread out on the floor, Boyce prepares to crack an office safe. "The evolution of modern safes has been dictated by the American gangster," he says

Mr. Boyce calls with a burglar's kit

by RONALD W. CLARK

He's ready to break any safe, but not break the law. It's the secrets of the lock that intrigue him—and the surprises that come when the door swings open

GEORGE BOYCE, FOREMAN of the lock-shop at a firm of Liverpool safe-makers, received an urgent call from a "stately home." The dowager had died, and nobody could find the keys of her safe. Could Boyce go quickly and crack it open?

With the half-hundredweight of drills, blow-lamps and other tools which make up his "burglar's" kit, Boyce arrived at the house to find the client eagerly awaiting him. "As I worked on the safe, first trying to pick the lock, then drilling, and finally cutting away the door with an oxy-acetylene blowlamp, he hovered anxiously about. I thought that there must be at least a fortune in jewels inside.

"At last I got the door open, but all that was inside was a broken watch. I expected him to be terribly cast down, but he shouted for joy, looked as pleased as Punch, and gave me a fiver for myself immediately. I asked him what all the excitement was about. He explained that the absence of a new will in the safe meant that the whole estate would come to him."

Boyce, a perky, fifty-year-old craftsman, is available for legitimate safe-breaking all over Britain, whether or not the safes concerned were originally made by Milners, his employers. He has broken into a Birkenhead vicar's safe in fifteen minutes so that church registers urgently needed for a society wedding would be ready; has salvaged hunt cups just in time for a hunt dinner; and has opened the safe at a dockside employment exchange on pay-night. "I hate to think what would have happened to me if I had failed to crack open that one," Boyce says.

Loss of keys is usually the reason for calling Boyce. "Two keys go with every safe, but all too often the owner puts the spare one in the safe itself." Occasionally, however, there are other reasons why a safe has to be forced. One, newly concreted into a wall, refused to open with the keys. "From the outside there was nothing to show what type or make it was," he recalls. "When I finally got it open, I realized what was preventing the tumblers from working. It had been concreted in upside down."

His most embarrassing job was when a man telephoned to ask his firm to check whether a safe in his Liverpool home had been tampered with. "I went round, was let in by a maid, and started work. I hadn't got very far when the

angriest woman I have ever seen came in and ordered me out of her house. It turned out that her husband, who had telephoned us, had left her shortly before, and had wanted to find out whether she had been trying to get at his private papers in the safe."

Boyce is the third generation of locksmiths. His grandfather joined the firm eighty years ago and he has lived locks all his life. They were his father's hobby as well as his job, and he cut a replica of a three-thousand-year-old Egyptian lock and fitted it to the pigeon loft, where it worked with a key two feet long.

Locks are George Boyce's hobby, too. "Some people go to an old house to look at the Adam fireplaces and the Chippendale chairs. I go to look at the locks. I've been to Blenheim Palace three times just to study the magnificent lock on the main door."

The front door of the house at Woolton, on the outskirts of Liverpool, where he lives with his wife, Rose, and son, George, is guarded with a complicated night-latch. "More than once I've forgotten the key and had to break into my own house. A ground-floor window is the usual route." Boyce himself has no safe in his house, relying on the bank to look after valuables when he is away from home.

The Blowlamp Era

"The evolution of modern safes has been dictated by the American gangster," he confides, when launched on his favourite subject. "There was first the blowlamp era. During that, the manager of the firm being raided was stood against a wall while the safe was opened. To beat that there came the combination safe—which could be opened only if the number to which the lock had to be turned was known. That meant that the manager was put up against a wall until he could be forced to reveal the number.

"To beat that there finally came the lock which could be opened only at predetermined times. Even that has problems, however. There was the Roman Catholic priest who used to keep the church plate in the local safe. He collected it every Sunday morning, but one day he went round late, only to find that even the bank manager himself could not open the safe until the prearranged time, the following Sunday."

"I tell you we are completely full up!"

Combination locks can be opened only when the dial on the outside of the safe is turned to certain numbers in succession. "And it's no good nowadays turning the dial and listening to the clicks as the tumblers fall—or trying to," says Boyce. "That sort of combination lock went out of date a quarter of a century ago.

"It's a good idea to re-set the lock when the safe is delivered. When they leave the works, the locks on each are pre-set to a certain number, and the new owner gets a set of instructions explaining how he can set the lock to whatever number he chooses.

"It is astonishing to find how many locks, supposedly unopenable because someone has lost the combination, can be opened when we set the dial to the number chosen when the lock left the works. Most people just don't trouble to change it."

Another habit of safe-owners which exasperates Boyce is putting valuables in the safe and then leaving the keys in an obvious spot, such as the drawer of a desk or dressing-table—"the first places any efficient ladderman would look at."

Even more irritating was the woman who blithely told him, after he had fitted an expensive wall-safe, "Thanks very much, but it's not really necessary. I always keep my money in rolls of notes under my pillow."

As well as opening existing safes, Boyce helps to design new ones. He was responsible for a special radium-proof model for hospitals. And he made a padlock for a furrier who wanted to know whether someone else was opening it: the lock had a secret numbering device which registered every time it was used.

Locked In Strongroom

Another special device was made after the manager of a large bank opened the strongroom one Monday morning and was confronted by a shadowy apparition arising from a corner of the strongroom with the words: "Thank God you've arrived."

It was his chief clerk, who had been locked into the strongroom for the weekend; the ventilating system had provided just enough air to breathe, and he had kept himself warm with money-bags.

Boyce was called upon to build a strongroom with a safety system, by which anyone trapped inside could release themselves. This safety precaution is now standard in all large strongrooms.

Sometimes what looks like a difficult job turns out to be quite simple. Boyce cherishes the memory of the time when a large London firm called for help. They found that their safe had been attacked for what must have been hours without success.

"Nobody on the staff has been allowed to touch the safe," said the manager. "We thought only a Milner's man should open it."

The Milner's man placed his hand on the door-lever—and the safe swung open. He explained to the horrified manager that the safe had not been locked the previous night. The unlucky burglars had not thought of trying the handle. THE END

INSIDE DARTMOOR

Continued from page 11

grounds for a legitimate complaint. He risks, and gets, of course, the hatred of his companions; he risks the possibility of "having his card marked," which is prison slang for a beating up.

But he is cunning and realizes that his being "in" with the "screws" will get him the bitter but effective consideration of the majority of his fellows. He makes it his business to know a great deal about every prisoner, and uses his knowledge cunningly. In short, his activity is blackmail.

The most important unit of authority for a prisoner is his landing officer. He is the man responsible to his superiors for the prisoner's body, the man who lets him out and locks him in his cell, and watches him while he is in it.

This is the "screw" who will eye his new charges for the enlistment of a potential "grass." I was myself sounded for this activity after I had been in Dartmoor a month.

As he locked me in for the last time at night, the landing officer hesitated in the door of my cell. "You all right?" he asked. "Settling down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever see anything queer in this block, son? Mind telling me if you do?" A pause for mutual staring. I stared him out for a few seconds, then he stepped back and closed the door as softly as a cell door might be closed.

I don't know if what happened subsequently had anything to do with my refusal to "play the grass"; the fact remains that it was not long before I was "nicked" for a minor offence.

Returning for dinner one day, I found another warder waiting in my cell. This man drew my attention to the blankets, reeled off the regulations concerning their folding and showed me that I had done mine incorrectly. For this comedy, I earned three days' loss of remission. The lesson was worth it.

By no means all prison officers were mean. I knew two elderly "screws" who warned me of convicts who had begun to "grass." And prison officers, when working alone, are very different from those working in a body or even as a pair. But it is exceptional to be with a warder alone, and confronted with a herd of convicts the "screws" must show a united front and a single tactic—harshness.

A warder knows that he cannot go wrong by being hard with prisoners; he might easily do so by being considerate. For reasons I have explained, the young officer, especially, must be hard. He is unsure what his attitude should be towards both convicts and his superiors. In the two years I was at Dartmoor I hardly remember seeing a warder smile at a prisoner, except, perhaps, when uttering a nervous gibe.

Softness Is Dangerous

The truth is that he dare not. The smallest sign of decency or "softness" towards a prisoner could be misunderstood, both by the convict and by authority. A "screw," thinks the convict, who so far unbends as to smile, might relax a little more and offer him a cigarette, or be amenable to accepting one. Such concessions might be interpreted as a prelude to a proposal to smuggle, and no "screw" can risk being suspected of that.

Yet, in my experience of one particular block during one particular period (and I see no reason why other blocks and other periods should be different), smuggling by warders was not unknown in Dartmoor.

Some prisoners I discussed the question with held that half of all the warders at the Moor were "bent." I'm sure that is a gross exaggeration, but I and all my fellow prisoners knew one or two who were. "He's all right" somebody would say, talking of a certain officer, "he's bent." If the information came from anybody but a known "grass," it was certain to be correct.

A "bent screw" is an officer who is willing to smuggle in luxuries to a prisoner from outside. Luxuries generally mean "snout"—tobacco—which is the life blood, one might say the flesh and bones, of commerce in prison. The transaction is on a strictly financial basis; the interest, which means the reward the "bent screw" will pocket, is fifty per cent. Considering the risk the officer runs, that is not outrageously high.

All Arranged By Letter

The procedure is simple. The convict approaches the officer and asks him to bring him in, say, £2 worth of tobacco. Apart from the small amounts a convict earns (he may never have more than five shillings—all in copper—in his possession) there is no money in prison. The money, then, must come from outside, and the warder is instructed to collect it from such-and-such an address, generally that of a friend or relative, or perhaps a criminal accomplice, who will have been warned by letter—"a friend will call"—to expect the visit.

Of the two pounds received, the "screw" will take one pound. For this sum, he must contrive to conceal the contraband when, as always, he is searched at the entrance gates on returning from a trip outside.

Sometimes a prisoner will bring in the tobacco himself. Once on a working party, I saw a prisoner whom I shall call Q—— smuggle in twenty ounces of tobacco which had been concealed for him by an accomplice under two white stones at a certain spot on the Tavistock road.

I wondered how Q—— would make out when he came to be searched on entering the prison. He had no trouble at all. The "screw" in charge of the party was also the one who conducted the search—and this warder was known to be "bent."

The criminal world, or rather the strata of society it springs from, is not rich. But there were some in the prison who had plenty put away outside, and who had trusty and affluent friends. It was among these men, who never lacked for anything in prison, that the "barons" were found.

The baron is at once the blessing and the curse of prison society. His mere existence is a tribute to the fact that prisoners are human beings and will behave as such, no matter how restricted. The baron behaves in prison as he did before he went in; that is, he pursues his criminal activities.

His full title is "tobacco baron," which expresses the whole reason for his existence. He is the man who controls the only currency that has any validity in prison—tobacco. In prison men will starve, riot and maim for it. They will run unheard-of risks to get it, and accept any punishment to keep it.

The analogy of tobacco in prison with money in the free world goes by no means far enough. An insolvent man is not so completely abject as a prisoner without "snout" or the means of obtaining it. The little of it he can buy legitimately at the canteen is grotesquely insufficient. If he is to "get by" with his fellows in prison a convict should have a reserve of tobacco. He gets it—but only on conditions—from the barons.

I am a heavy smoker. I had not been long in Dartmoor before I was dealing with the barons and their extraordinary world.

NEXT WEEK: I find my way around the prison underworld

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LIFE WITH MOTHER

My mother is so intensely shy of meeting strangers that I have had to develop a technique for stalling the curious who frequently visit or telephone our home in Cornwall.

Once, a jeepload of Americans arrived and refused to leave until they had seen her. We were having lunch, and Bing, as we call Mother, dashed up to her bedroom with a plate of food and ate it lying on the floor out of sight. I told the Americans she was out, but they determined to stay, and stay they did—for five hours, with Bing marooned upstairs.

In reality, Bing leads two lives. One—the one I know best—is at home, where her daily routine is so inflexible that at a given moment any of her three children can say exactly what she's doing.

We know that until lunch-time she will be in her shack at the bottom of the garden, producing her daily ten pages of untidy typescript on a battered machine, and that she won't take kindly to interruption.

She sucks just one sweet after lunch, and smokes one of the day's four cigarettes. Then she walks along the cliffs, returning for tea, and working on again until the seven thirty bell summons her to change for dinner—probably into green velvet slacks and one of her pretty blouses.

Her weekends are free and belong to us. In the summer we swim and sun-bathe, Bing posting us as lookouts while she gives the normally covered parts of her body a turn in the sun, or swims, as she says, without the drag-anchor of a costume.

Bing and my father are devoted, and their affection, daily trunk calls and good times together provided a harmonious backcloth for our childhood.

Authorship has deprived Bing of much of that domestic deftness people normally expect of a mother. She cannot cook. In the rush to get our school kits

ready, it was always Daddy, not Bing, who sewed on name-tapes.

Oddly, we never went on holidays. Her trips to Paris and New York, her walking tours in Switzerland, are part of her other life which her children have never shared.

The day Daddy was knighted it so happened that we arrived in London to stay at Claridge's. The first Bing knew of the knighthood was when she read of it in the newspaper she bought on the way to the hotel.

"Now I can register as Lady Browning!" she said excitedly. But, when the moment came, very timidly she wrote "Mrs. Browning" in the book.

There is a part of Bing's mind that nobody, not even those nearest to her, will ever penetrate. I have always felt she is holding back something. Like her plots, there is a touch of mystery about her character—gentle, affectionate, spontaneous though it be.

As a mother, Bing is both advanced and old-fashioned in her ideas. Recently a man friend asked me to go to a night club. I didn't want to go, and said my mother didn't like me to go unchaperoned. When I told Bing, she was quite perturbed.

"Why did you have to blame me?" she said. "Now he will think I'm a dreadful dragon!"

Who is the famous mother? For her name—and the complete photograph—turn to page 35

PETER BROUGH

Continued from page 17

Brough to take part in *Music Hall* and *Navy Mixture* broadcasts. He was retained for a run of forty-five weeks.

With Edgar Bergen, the American ventriloquist, in mind, Ridley and Brough now approached the B.B.C. with the idea of a regular programme built round Archie Andrews. A variety executive liked the idea and arranged for a trial recording. When it was ready, however, the executive was away and the programme was heard by his deputy. "It's no good for the sound medium," he said. "The whole idea is too visual."

Brough went back to the halls, but the idea of a radio series was still in his mind. One day, he was taking part in a cabaret to warm up the audience for a Donald Peers broadcast, and mentioned it to Roy Speer, who was producing the programme. "Why not try again?" asked Speer. Brough did so, and was given a second chance.

This time, the B.B.C. was satisfied, and booked *Educating Archie* for six broadcasts. It ran for twenty-six. Though both public and B.B.C. have pressed Brough to have longer series, he has always insisted that people tire of a show that goes on for too long. In three years, *Educating Archie* has achieved its popularity on only seventy-two shows.

Eric Sykes, the scriptwriter, ascribes the programme's success to its essential humanity. "There's a fundamental warmth," he says. "Archie is a cheeky little boy but he knows his place. He always says *Mr.* Brough, *Mr.* Bygraves and *Miss* Dinglebody. He never uses Christian names. I treat Archie as a real person, but each week I include a reference to the fact that he is not like other boys."

At the moment, Brough is planning further instalments of the present programme. "Also," says Wally Ridley, "he can't delay for long a television series. Logically, ventriloquism is a visual idea. But there are obstacles to overcome. One is voice production. To produce the best possible voice over the air, Brough makes no attempt to control his lip movements when recording a sound broadcast. In television, the problem may be solved by a different microphone arrangement."

Until recently, Brough has freely announced the amount of money he is making. The comment it aroused now makes him refuse to discuss it. To suggestions that he is too keenly exploiting his art, he says: "One doesn't always have the drawing power. Besides, one likes the work and giving other people pleasure." THE END

IN THE WET

Continued from page 14

of Driffield at about 2,500 feet, and the aerodrome lay before him, the runways and the taxiways lit up.

Driffield was an R.A.F. station, and David wondered why it had been chosen for the diversion of their flight, unless it was that it was nearly forty miles from the main railway line at York, and so presented the maximum fatigue and inconvenience to the Queen at the end of her long journey. He brought the Ceres round upon the circuit, lined her up three miles outside the boundaries of the aerodrome, and put her down on the runway, twenty-one and a half hours out from Canberra.

He slipped out of his seat, put on his cap and straightened his tunic, and went aft into the saloon. The Queen, coming out of her cabin, turned to speak to him.

"Thank you so much, Commander Anderson," she said. "It's been a very easy flight."

He said: "I'm very sorry about this diversion, madam. It's going to put you to a lot of trouble, I'm afraid. We'll try and make sure that it doesn't happen again."

"Don't worry," she said quietly. "I know it's nothing to do with you. Thank you for a very safe and pleasant journey." She turned and left the machine.

He stopped by Rosemary's seat and helped her with her hand luggage, and followed her down the steps on to the tarmac.

He said: "You're going on to London with the Queen, I suppose?"

"I think so, Nigger," she said. "What will you be doing?"

"I shall stay here with the aircraft," he said. "We'll fly her down to White Waltham tomorrow. If we're allowed to fly at all in England," he added bitterly.

"I wish I was coming with you," she said wearily. "It'll be three in the morning by the time we reach King's Cross."

He left her then, to arrange with the R.A.F. to hangar the machine. Then he walked over to the R.A.F. mess. He found that the Queen and the Consort were dining with the R.A.F. Commandant in his house; the rest of the party were already at dinner in the mess. Transport to York had been arranged for eight forty-five.

He had a few words with Frank Cox before he left for London with the party. "I'll ring you tomorrow morning here," the group captain said. "About eleven o'clock, I should think. As soon as I've got clearance for you to fly down to White Waltham."

David asked directly: "Is White Waltham still open to us, sir?"

"I haven't heard it's not. Have you heard anything?"

"No. I just wondered."

"I think that's going to be all right. . . . I don't think you need worry about this, Nigger," the group captain said. "It's just another pinprick. It's nothing to do with you or with your crew." He paused. "It's something quite different, that's to do with the Queen. I'd forget about it, if I were you."

"It'll be a long time before I do that," the pilot said grimly. "She's my Queen as well as yours, you know. I'm not a bloody Pommie."

The group captain looked up at him, startled. "That's a point of view I hadn't thought about."

"It's about time somebody started thinking about it," David said. "My Queen's dead tired now, and some Pommie's forcing her to travel for six hours longer, by car and train, in the middle of the night, for no reason at all. I don't like it. My High Commissioner won't like it, either. And Canberra won't like it, when they hear what's happened."

There was a short silence. Then the Australian said: "All Pommies aren't bloody. I used that as a kind of figure of speech."

"Most Aussies are, though," said the group captain. "Prickly, bloody types to deal with."

They laughed together over a cup of coffee.

Next day David flew Tare down to White Waltham. He spoke to Frank Cox upon the telephone and received his permission to lay up Tare for a comprehensive inspection by the manufacturers, and on the following day he flew the machine to Hatfield and handed it over to de Havilland's.

That afternoon he got a telephone call from the High Commissioner's office, making an appointment for him to see Mr. Harry Ferguson next afternoon.

He had been summoned to similar appointments with the High Commissioner on several occasions during his service in the Queen's Flight, to report on his work and upon any organizational difficulties that might have arisen, and he had shown him over Tare at White Waltham. It was natural that the High Commissioner should want an account of the flight to and from Australia.

David rang up Rosemary to ask her to dine with him next evening, and made an appointment to pick her up at her flat at seven o'clock.

Mr. Ferguson, fat and genial in a grey suit, made David welcome and sat him down in the chair on the other side of the desk.

As David had supposed, he wanted to know all about the flight, and he was particularly interested in Christmas Island. "What's it like there?" he inquired. "I've never seen it. I don't suppose many other people have, either."

"It's a pretty little place," the pilot said. "Just one of these coral atolls. The strip's all right, but refuelling arrangements are a bit antiquated. If we're going to go there often, we

"Get me the dictionary and the ink eraser!"

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should have proper fuel storage tanks and a modern pump and hoses."

"Will you write me a report on that, Commander?"

David made a note in his diary.

"I've never been to any of those coral islands," said Mr. Ferguson. "Where did the Queen stay?"

"In the District Officer's house." David told him all about it, and then he went on, and told him how much the Queen seemed to have enjoyed the day's rest on Christmas Island. "If she's likely to be travelling from Canada to Australia much," he said, "she'll be going there pretty frequently, because it's the natural refuelling point for us. I know she'd very much appreciate a little house there of her own."

Harry Ferguson raised his eyebrows. "She would?"

DAVID told him of the conversation that he had overheard between the Queen and the Consort. "If she had a little house there she'd probably use it, and stay there a day to break the flight. Will she be going that way often?"

"She may. Under the new arrangements, she may well be doing that trip every three or four months."

David did not like to ask what new arrangements those might be.

"Will you put all this in your report?" the High Commissioner said. "It's little things like this we want to know." David made his note. "Now, what's all this I've heard about the trouble you had landing in this country?"

David told him.

In the end, Harry Ferguson said: "I see. London Airport is a civil airport, and they demand first-class instrument landing certificates for pilots landing there in bad weather conditions. And those certificates are only issued to civil pilots. They got you on that."

"That's right," the pilot said. "Service pilots don't use London Airport in the normal way, and they don't have civil licences. That was the excuse for sending us to Driffield, which is an R.A.F. aerodrome—because we're an R.A.A.F. crew."

"Wasn't there an R.A.F. aerodrome closer than Yorkshire?"

"There must have been," the pilot said. "Dozens of them."

"Did they know that you were trained by B.O.A.C. to the standard of their crews?"

"We told them in the signals. I've got the copies here." He passed them across to the High Commissioner, who read them carefully. "Anyway," he said, "B.O.A.C. didn't train us down at Hurn. We trained them."

Mr. Ferguson laid the papers down. "I see. Somebody was just being awkward."

"I think so," said the pilot. "Frank Cox thought that somebody was out to make things difficult and tiring for the Queen. Teach her not to go flying with Colonials again."

"I see."

There was a pause, and then the High Commissioner said: "How do you feel about the British now that you've had more experience of them?"

The pilot grinned. "I think their policemen are just wonderful," he said. And then he added, more seriously: "I've got nothing to complain about, sir. This is the first unpleasantness we've had. I don't think this was aimed against us, as a crew."

Mr. Ferguson inclined his head. "No," he said thoughtfully. "I think that it was probably up—on a higher level than that."

They discussed a little routine business, and David left Australia House and walked down the length of the Strand on the way to his club. There was a raw nip in the air, and a light, foggy drizzle that struck chill after the warm benison of Canberra. The people in the streets looked pale in comparison with the glowing health of his own countrymen, and yet there was an air of purpose and determination about them that was always novel to him.

Again he was torn between dislike and admiration for them; no negligible people, these.

He walked to his club in Pall Mall and sat looking at the weekly reviews to bring himself up to date with the temper of England since he had gone away. Something had evidently happened in the House of Commons that had brought the subject of multiple voting to the forefront of the news, but he could not gather what that was.

He called for Rosemary at her flat at seven o'clock. She took him to a very small, very discreet little restaurant in Shepherd Market. He handed her coat to the waiter, and they sat down with a glass of sherry and a tomato juice. He asked her: "What was the journey down to London like?"

"There was a fog," she said. "We didn't get into King's Cross till after half past three. She was looking awfully tired when we got to London."

He bit his lip. "I'm very sore about all this," he said. "It was so totally unnecessary."

"It wasn't your fault," she said. "A report came through the office this morning from the Air Ministry. It wasn't anything to do with you."

"I know. That doesn't stop me being sore. Do you know who the nigger in the woodpile was?"

She hesitated. "Forget about it," she said at last. "It's not a thing that concerns either of us."

"All right."

They sat in silence for a time. Presently he asked: "Did anyone come to meet the Royal Party at King's Cross?"

"Charles and Anne came," she said.

"No Prime Minister? No one from the Cabinet?"

"No."

He said no more, and presently the *hors d'œuvre* were served. When the waiter had gone away, he said: "I've been reading the weeklies to find out what's been happening while we've been away. There seems to be a lot going on about this multiple voting."

She nodded. "I think there is."

"The government seem very bitter."

"Yes," she said, "they are. People are usually bitter when they see something threatened that they believe in with all their hearts and souls. And this government believes in the old principle of one man, one vote. They believe in that very seriously."

"And is that threatened now?" he asked.

"I think it is, Nigger."

SHE was reluctant to talk, and he did not pursue the subject. They finished their meal and sat smoking over their coffee. "My father came up yesterday," she said presently. "He spent the night at the flat."

"Has he gone back now?" David asked.

She nodded. "He went back this morning."

"I'd like to meet him some time."

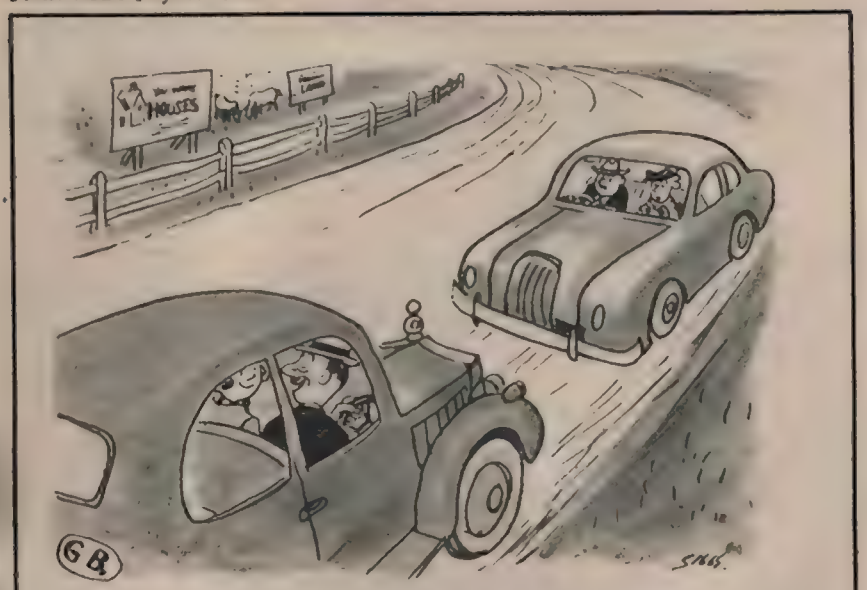
"I want you to," she said. "I wanted him to stay tonight and come and dine with us here, but he had to get back to Oxford—he's got tutorials or something." She paused. "He talked a long time last night before we went to bed. He'd got some very interesting things to say."

"What about?"

"Just everything," she replied vaguely. "About this miserable crisis. About England. He thinks the people of this country are getting better and better."

The pilot wrinkled his brows in perplexity. "Better?"

She nodded. "He said all the duds were going, and they'd been going for a long time now." She stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "Of course, Daddy's sixty-three and he can remember quite a long time back. He fought in the second war, in the Royal Armoured Corps. He said that when a country was invaded by the enemy, the first to go were the very intelligent and patriotic and adventurous people, who left because they were resolved to go on fighting with the Allies, fighting from a better ground. But after that, he said, the refugees consisted of the timid people, and the selfish people, and the people who put moneymaking



"It's grand to be back in England again"

first; people who would never fight for their own country or for anything else." She paused. "He said that that's what's been happening in England for the last twenty years. All the timid people and the selfish people have been getting out."

The pilot glanced at her, interested. "That's quite a new one to me. Did he mean that the average of the British people is better now than it was twenty years ago?"

"That's what he said," she replied. "He said he notices it in the young men coming up to college. They're better types now than they were thirty years ago, when he went back to Oxford after the second war. They've got more character. They think for themselves more."

"Do you think that's got anything to do with all this fuss about the multiple vote?" he asked.

"I think it has," she said. "I think Iorwerth Jones is running into difficulties he didn't quite expect."

For the next few days David saw little of Rosemary. He went with his crew to Hatfield and fetched Tare back to White Waltham, and with Frank Cox began the business of obtaining British civil instrument landing certificates to enable them to use London Airport in emergency.

They went together to the Air Ministry and were received by a bland civil servant of medium grade, who suggested that the requirements of the regulations would be met if the Australians and Canadians abandoned their Service ranks during their employment in the Queen's Flight and requalified as civilian pilots for all grades of licence, a proceeding which would have taken all their time for about six weeks. Dewar and David said that this seemed rather unnecessary, and the official said that he was sorry, but that he was bound by the rules of his department. David and Dewar went away and put the matter in the hands of their High Commissioner.

A FEW days later, quite abruptly, they were summoned to the Ministry again. This time they were received by a much higher official, the Second Secretary. He greeted them very genially, and said that he was glad that the matter of their licences had been adjusted. Upon his desk he had a set of civil licences already made out for all the members of the Australian and Canadian crews; first-class master pilots' licences for Wing Commander Dewar and Wing Commander Anderson, and a sheaf of civil pilots', radio operators' and engineers' licences for all the other crew members. The officers gathered up this mass of paper, somewhat dazed, and retired with it to the Royal Aero Club.

"Bit of a change of tone," said David. "What's done that?"

"God knows," said Dewar. "I asked Frank, but he went all cagey. I think they've got the wind up over something." There was a pause, and then the Canadian said: "Did he tell you I'm for Ottawa again?"

"No. When are you going?"

"Tomorrow night. I'm taking Charles over—with all his family."

David stared at him. "How long is he going for?"

"You can search me. I'm taking off at eight o'clock tomorrow night, with the Prince and Princess, three children, valet, maid, secretary and three-quarters of a ton of luggage. After that I'm waiting there for orders."

"Nothing about it in the papers, is there?"

"Not yet. Keep it under your hat."

"Of course."

THAT was on December 10. David turned up next evening and stood with Frank Cox watching the tail light of the Ceres as it dwindled in the sky upon the way to Canada. Then they went into the warmth and brightness of the office.

In the office Frank Cox turned to him, and said: "Your turn next, Nigger."

David asked: "Is anything laid on?"

"More or less. The Havants are going to Kenya, to Nyeri."

"When?"

"Friday or Saturday. Probably Saturday, I should think."

David nodded. "We'll be ready. Are we staying out there, or coming straight back here?"

"Coming straight back," the group captain said. "There may be another job quite soon after that."

The pilot laughed. "One's enough to worry about at a time. This Nyeri trip. All the Princess's family going?"

The group captain nodded.

The pilot eyed him, smiling a little. "First the Prince and all his family, and then Princess Anne and all hers. Looks like a general evacuation."

"It may do," said Frank Cox. "But that's nothing to do with us."

"No. Well, we can do this trip day or night, whichever they prefer. I'd like a day's notice, because of the food."

"Don't worry, I'll let you know in good time," said the group captain.

"The boys were asking about Christmas leave," said David. "They've most of them got relations in this country."

Cox shook his head. "There'll be no Christmas leave for your crew, Nigger," he said. "At least, I don't think so. I think you may be off upon another job." He paused. "I'm sorry."

"It's not important," said the pilot. "They'd rather be working than just sitting around. Where's that one to?"

"I don't know yet. I don't think they've made up their minds."

It was announced next morning in the press that the Prince and Princess of Wales had left with their family to spend the Christmas holidays at the Royal Residence at Gatineau, where little George and Alice would have their first ski-ing lesson. No mention, however, was made of the forthcoming visit

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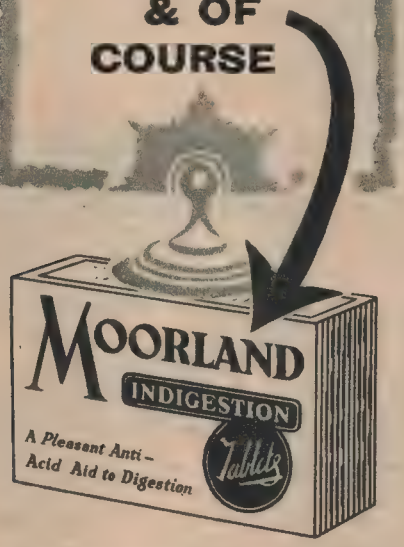

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of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Havant to Kenya.

That day, Thursday, David rang up Rosemary at the Palace and suggested they should dine together. "I'll be going away soon," he said. "What about tonight?"

She said: "It's just a question of getting off, Nigger. . . . Things have been busy recently. I didn't get back to the flat till after ten o'clock last night."

"My word," he said. "You must be very tired."

"I'm all right." There was a pause. "I don't like to say we'd dine at Mario's — the place in Shepherd Market—in case I can't get there."

"What would you do by yourself?" he asked.

"Oh—I'd just cook up something in the flat and go to bed."

"I can cook," he said. "Would you think it out of order if I came up with some tins of things and waited for you in the flat, and cooked you something there?"

"Oh, David!" she said. "That's a good idea. I wouldn't have to worry about being late then. Can you really cook?"

"Too right I can," he said. "How will I get into the flat?"

She told him about the caretaker in the basement who had a key. "I'll ring her up and tell her it's all right to let you in," she said. "I'll try and be back by seven, but I don't know if I'll make it. Don't go reading all my love letters."

"Of course I shall," he said. "It's not often a bloke gets a chance like this."

He drove up to London in the late afternoon and went to the flat. The caretaker let him in and he looked around with pleasure, carefully studying her pictures and her books. A quarter of an hour later he woke up and took his jacket off, and began to investigate the resources of the little kitchenette.

He planned the meal, and then he found the cutlery and cloth and laid the table. He deviated from the path of rectitude then to peep rather shyly into her bedroom, but he did not go beyond the door and closed it again, feeling guilty.

When Rosemary came hurrying back to the flat, she found the table laid, the fire lit, and a glass of sherry ready poured out for her with a plate of caviar on biscuits beside it. She was cold and weary as she came in from the street, and there were these good things, and a delicious smell from the kitchenette, and Nigger Anderson, big and dark and cheerful and comforting. "Oh, Nigger," she said, "how simply wonderful! What's that you've got cooking?"

"Casserole of pheasant," he said. "Are you very tired?"

"Not now," she said. "I never smelt anything so good."

"It's the wine," he said. "Australian wine. I always put a good dollop of wine into a casserole. It covers up a lot of the deficiencies."

"And caviar!" She went into the bedroom and threw off her coat; in a few minutes she came back to him, her eyes shining.

"You can't think what it means to come back to a warm room, and a meal all ready made!"

He handed her her sherry and took his own tomato juice. Together they nibbled the caviar biscuits. "Very busy today?" he asked. He studied her as she sat opposite him; there were fine lines of fatigue around her eyes and her mouth.

"A bit," she said. "Let's not talk about it just yet, Nigger. Not till I'm warmed up."

He nodded. "It's different to the Canberra Hotel," he said. "It was just comfortably warm then, to my way of thinking."

She nodded. "It was lovely there. It's so difficult to realize that it was only ten days ago, and that it's all there still, the same flowers even, on the same stalks in the garden." She stared at the glowing radiants of the fire. "I love England," she said thoughtfully. "But I'm beginning to

"Did you mow the . . . oh, good!"

realize that there are other places one could get to love as well."

"England in spring is just fairy-land," he said. "I'll give you that. But anyone can have it at this time of year, so far as I'm concerned."

She laughed, and sipped her sherry. Presently she said: "You're going away tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Tomorrow or Saturday," he said. "I've not heard yet."

"I think it's tomorrow," she replied. "Major Macmahon was talking about it just before I came away. Princess Anne wants to go tomorrow, late at night."

"Have they told Frank Cox?"

"I think they were ringing him about the time I left."

He nodded. Ryder would take the message if it came that evening, and warn the crew. And while the thought was in his mind, the telephone rang. The girl got up and answered it, and handed the microphone to him, smiling. "It's Flight Lieutenant Ryder," she said.

He spoke to his co-pilot for a few minutes, and set the necessary arrangement in train. He put down the instrument, and she was standing by his side; she had finished her sherry. "Let's eat, Nigger," she said. "I can't stand being tantalized by your casserole any longer. I'm just drooling at the mouth."

So they dished up the casserole and the creamed potatoes and the peas, and he opened half a bottle of claret for her, and they sat down to dinner.

He had tinned peaches and tinned cream for her as a sweet. Over the peaches he said: "I think I'll go on to Nairobi when I've put them down at Nanyuki, and let the boys have a night's rest. We've got to refuel somewhere before starting home—there's no fuel at Nanyuki. Make a daylight flight home on the Sunday, and get in well before dark this time." He smiled. "I don't want to end up in Driffield."

"That won't happen again, Nigger," she said. "Not that one, anyway."

"They gave us all our licences in a great hurry last Monday," he remarked. "Did something blow up in your place?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I know Philip sent for Lord Coles on Saturday and he had him in the study for nearly half an hour. I don't know what they said, of course. I only know Lord Coles had a smile on his face when he went in, and he hadn't got it on when he came out."

David grinned. "Too bad." He paused, and then he said: "Charles is in Canada with all his family by now, and with three-quarters of a ton of luggage. I'm taking Princess Anne to Nyeri with the Duke of Havant and all *their* family, and I suppose there'll be three-quarters of a ton of luggage going with them, too."

The girl nodded.

"There'll only be the Queen and the Consort left in England, in the direct line of the Monarchy," he said.

Rosemary dropped her eyes, and studied the dish in front of her. "That's happened often enough before."

"Maybe. But Frank Cox wants me back here quick from Kenya, because there may be another job for me to do."

The girl glanced at him, troubled. "You think too much, Nigger," she said. "You go putting two and two together when there's no occasion to. You don't have to know what's coming, and it's better not to, sometimes."

He smiled at her. "I'm not prying into the secrets of the Royal Family," he said. "I'll do what I'm told to do when the time comes, and I'll ask no questions. I'm thinking about you and me. Will you be coming, too, this time?"

"I think so," she said slowly. "Whatever comes out of this, I think Major Macmahon will be with her, and I'll be with him."

"Fine," he said. "That's all I want to know."

She sat in silence for a time. "David," she said at last, "I want you to be very, very careful in the next few days. People may try to get things out of you, but they mustn't. The people behind this thing may try getting at your crew in some way—I don't know. They might try and put the aeroplane out of action, even. Funny things are going on that I can't possibly talk about, even to you. But if you want to do a good job for the Queen, be very, very careful in the next few days, till after Christmas."

He met her eyes.

"Thank you," he said quietly. "I'll remember that."

They got up from the table presently, and stacked the dishes for her caretaker to wash up in the morning. Then she poured out coffee for them from the percolator, and they went back into the sitting-room, and sat down before the fire again. "You're very tired," he said quietly. "You must go to bed and get a long night's sleep. I'm going home when I've drunk this."

"I'm not tired," she said. "It's just that it's a bit of a strain on all of us, with all this going on."

He smiled gently. "You've had three years of it," he remarked. "I think that's enough for anyone, but possibly I'm biased."

The girl said simply: "She's had thirty years of it, David."

"It's not always been like this, though, has it?" he remarked. "I mean, this is a specially bad time—this trouble with her ministers?"

She nodded. "I think it is. But the work's always been too heavy for one woman, David. It's been too much for anyone, for the last hundred years. Ever since the Monarch became serious and responsible he's been grossly overworked. It's nothing new, this thing." She paused. "Prince Albert died of overwork, Albert the Good. Victoria could only tackle it alone by withdrawing from society completely. Edward the Seventh and George the Fifth—they neither of them made old bones; they worked at their desks all day until they went to bed to die. George the Sixth worked himself to death, like Albert the Good. Elizabeth and Philip have had thirty years of it, longer than any of the others except Queen Victoria. They've stuck it out—they've been able to carry the job because they've worked together as a

team, and they've done marvellously. But they can't carry it much longer. They're getting old now, David, old before their time."

There was a silence. "Well, what's the answer?" he asked at last. "When she dies, will the Monarchy break up? Is she the last King or Queen of England?"

"Not if she can help it," the girl said. "You see, if that happened it would mean the end of the Commonwealth."

She got to her feet. "Don't let's talk any more tonight, David," she said. "I can't keep secrets from you, and I've got to keep them a bit longer. You do understand, don't you?"

He rose, and stood beside her. "Sure," he said. "It's time you went to bed."

"You've got to get a good night's rest yourself. You'll be up all tomorrow night, won't you, flying to Kenya?"

He nodded. "I'll be right. I've got a straight job with no worries, nothing to lose sleep over." He smiled down at her. "You're my only worry at the moment."

SHE reached out impulsively and took his hand. "Dear Nigger. . . ." She smiled up at him. "It was very sweet of you to come this evening, and it was a lovely dinner."

He took her other hand and drew her to him; she relaxed into his arms and put her face up, and he kissed her. She stood for a few moments nestling in his arms while he kissed her face and stroked her hair; then she withdrew a little.

"We mustn't start doing this," she said quietly. "Not yet."

He smiled down at her. "It's a bit late to say that," he replied softly. "We've started."

"I know," she said. "But we mustn't go on."

His arm was still around her shoulders. "We can take it easy till things straighten out a bit," he replied. "But you won't forget this, and I won't either. We go on from here till we get married, and it can't be too soon for me."

"Dear Nigger. . . ." she said again. And then she looked up into his face. "We won't wait any longer than we've got to. It may not be so long as I thought once."

"How long?"

"She may be in calm water in a few months' time," the girl said. "I could leave her then." And then she withdrew herself from his arms, and only held one of his hands. "You're making me talk again," she said. "I mustn't talk, David, please."

He smiled at her. "I'm going to go away," he said, "and you must go to bed. Wish I was coming with you."

She laughed. "David! If you talk like that I'll think I'm not safe with you in the flat."

"No more you are," he said. "You're taking a great risk." He turned and picked up his uniform coat and cap. "It's girls like you," he

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told her, "that make boys go wrong."

"We'll go wrong one day," she said, "when she's in calm water. I promise you that."

"That's a bet," he said. He bent and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Good night, Rosemary."

She said softly: "Good night, David dear. Look after yourself on the way to Kenya."

He drove back to Maidenhead in his small sports car in a rosy dream, but not so far lost to the world that he was unmindful of her warning to be careful.

He slept soundly in his bed, but by ten o'clock next morning he was back in London, in an office in Shell House, and closeted in privacy with the Chief Aviation Representative, a Mr. Corbett. To him he disclosed the fact in strictest confidence that he was leaving on a long flight that evening. "I want a couple of empty tank wagons down this afternoon, and an oil truck," he said. "I want every drop of fuel and oil pumped out of my Ceres and inspected by someone on your staff with some kind of sample analysis. I don't want to find when I switch on another tank that there's water or sugar or some other damn' stuff mixed up with the fuel, or the oil. Then, when you give it a clean bill, we'll pump it back into the aircraft." He paused. "And I don't want it talked about."

Mr. Corbett raised his eyebrows. "I'll come down myself."

The business took about three hours that afternoon; by five o'clock the aircraft was refuelled and given a clean bill.

At ten o'clock they pulled the Ceres from the hangar with the tractor and ran each engine for a few minutes; while they were doing this a closed van loaded with luggage arrived. At a quarter to eleven the Princess Royal with the Duke and their three children drove up, followed by another car with nurse, maid and valet. Frank Cox and David met them on the tarmac and showed them into the machine; then Frank Cox got out, the door closed, and David went forward to his job.

It was a blustery, moist night on the ground, and they entered cloud at about a thousand feet. They broke out of the last layer at about sixteen thousand, and climbed up on their course in the bright moonlight. Princess Anne came forward to the cockpit with her husband for a few minutes and talked to the pilots, but there was nothing to be seen but the blue night and the bright moon and the cloud floor far below, and presently they went aft to lie down.

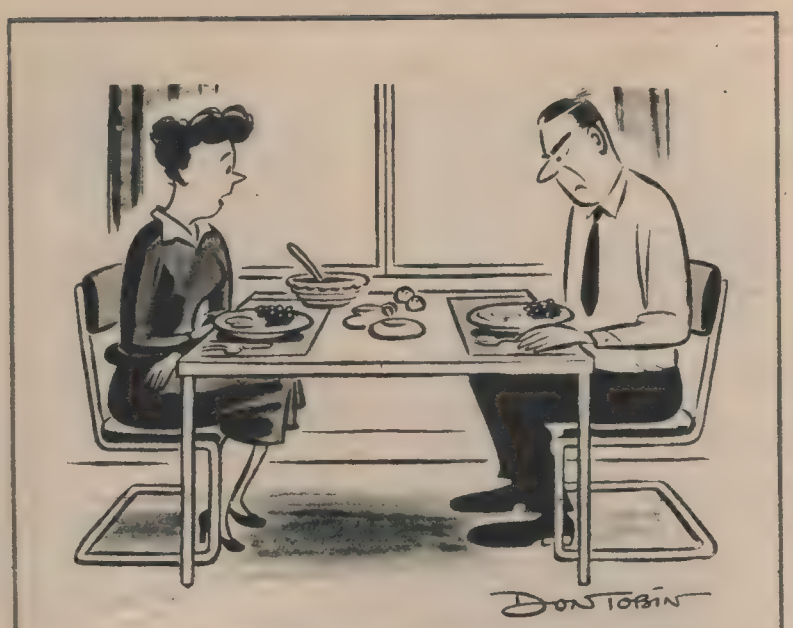
They left the cloud behind as they passed southward, and at midnight they came to the Mediterranean and got a glimpse of the lights of Genoa between the parting clouds. At one fifteen they crossed the end of Sicily somewhere near Catania, and at two fifteen they crossed the coast of Africa at Benghazi. At four thirty their radio bearings showed Khartoum abeam and some three hundred miles to the west of them, and here they met the dawn, for they were flying to the south-east.

An hour later David started on the long let down, and at six fifteen he picked up the black line of the airstrip on the north side of Mt. Kenya. He approached it cautiously in wide descending circuits, for he had never been there before.

At six thirty-five by Greenwich time the Ceres landed at Nyeri. On the ground it was nine o'clock in the morning, and the African sun was already hot.

David stood for a few minutes on the tarmac talking with the Princess Royal and her husband, and with the sleepy children only just awake. Then they got into their cars and were driven off towards Sagana and the Royal Residence, and the Australians were left to make their way on to Nairobi for refuelling, and thence to England.

They accepted the invitation to breakfast from the local police commissioner who had it organized for them, and they showed a few local



"You liked beans on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday; now, suddenly, on Thursday you don't like beans!"

farmers and planters over the machine, including two Negroes who spoke perfect English. Soon after eleven they took off for Nairobi and put down there half an hour later.

They refuelled the machine and went to the hotel in which accommodation had been booked for them. By seven o'clock next morning, local time, they were on their way back to England.

They put down at White Waltham next day, shortly after noon by Greenwich time, and David had the Ceres refuelled and inspected that same afternoon, Sunday, December 17, and made ready for another flight.

To his surprise, he found Sugar in the hangar, back from Canada. During a pause in the work he asked Wing Commander Dewar what had brought him back.

"Brought the Governor-General," the Canadian said laconically.

"Tom Forrest?"

"Field-Marshal Sir Thomas Forrest to you," said the Canadian.

"What's he come back for?"

"He didn't tell me."

"Anyone come with him?"

"Nosey. No, he came alone. How did your trip go?"

"Just like that," said the Australian. "We got there, put some juice into the thing, and turned round and came back."

"Exciting, isn't it?" said the Canadian.

"Like hell! Give me Luna Park."

Later on, he talked privately to Dewar in the office. "I got the wire there may be trouble here," he said. "There's just a possibility of sabotage on one or other of our aircraft." He told Dewar about his precautions with the fuel. "I'm worried about them getting someone in at night," he said. "There's only the one watchman."

The Canadian said: "Think some of us ought to be here nights?"

"I think we should. Run some kind of guard."

"I'll row in while I'm here, with my boys," said Wing Commander Dewar. "I'm going back to Ottawa tomorrow, though. Seems like I've got to stand by there for quite a while. I'll keep half my crew on guard tonight, though."

David thought for a moment. "Better not if you're flying tomorrow. I'll keep half mine here, to watch over the two machines."

David stayed in the hangar that night with three of his crew. By eleven o'clock next morning he was in Australia House, waiting to see Vice-Admiral Sir Charles O'Keefe of the Royal Australian Navy. Charles O'Keefe knew all about Nigger Anderson, and had flown with him once in the third war. He greeted him cordially and offered him a cigarette.

The pilot said: "I'm in a bit of a spot, sir, and I can't say much about it, I'm afraid. What I want is a guard for my machine, in the hangar at White Waltham, and I don't want to ask the R.A.F. for it. The aircraft is Australian property. I was wondering if you could spare a party from one of the Australian ships over here. . . ."

"I see," said the admiral. "How long do you want them for?"

"Till after Christmas," said the pilot. "Say about three weeks to make it safe."

"Gona's in Portsmouth dockyard till the middle of January. When do you want them?"

"This afternoon, if I can have them, sir. I'm afraid I've got no accommodation, though."

"They can sling hammocks in your hangar?"

"Oh, yes, they can do that."

"Can do. Two officers and fifty ratings be enough?"

"That's ample, sir."

"They'll be there this afternoon, Wing Commander. You don't have to say any more."

So, that afternoon, three trucks full of sailors, rations and hammocks turned up at the hangar and took a load off David's mind. In the evening he drove over to the little "grace and favour" house that Frank Cox lived in on the edge of Windsor Great Park, and presented the *fait accompli* to his chief. "I hope you don't mind all these Australian sailors slinging their hammocks in the hangar, sir," he said. "You see, Tare's the property of the Australian Government, and I wasn't quite happy about things."

"I see," said the group captain quietly. "That's the line you're taking, is it? That they're just there to look after the property of the Australian Government?"

"That's right, sir. I hope you don't think I've been acting out of turn."

"Of course you have," the group captain said. "It's absolutely watertight." He paused and then he said: "How did you get the idea that a guard might be a good thing?"

"I'm a very nosey person, sir," the pilot replied. "I'm not an English gentleman."

Frank Cox laughed. "An Aussie bastard is the right term, I believe."

"That's right," said the pilot equably. "I'm an Aussie bastard, so I've got a nose for what the other bastards may be up to."

He drank a tomato juice cocktail with his chief before starting back to Maidenhead. "Got anything to tell me about this other job?"

"Not yet."

"I suppose Tom Forrest will be going back to Ottawa some time. Will we be taking him?"

"You're fishing," said the group captain. "I don't even know myself yet, Nigger, and if I did, I wouldn't tell you or anybody else before it's necessary."

The pilot laughed. "Sorry. I wasn't fishing really. I'd like to take Tom Forrest somewhere."

With most service men of that generation, he had a veneration for the field-marshal. Like Nigger Anderson himself, Tom Forrest had come up from the bottom. Tom Forrest was the son of a man who ran the boilers of a little laundry in Roundhay, a suburb to the north of Leeds. He was a Territorial before the second war and rose to the rank of corporal in the first days of the war; by the end of it he was an acting brigadier.

In 1946 he succeeded in staying in the army with a permanent commission as a captain, and he entered the third war as a major. He came out of it as a lieutenant-general, and it is perhaps an indication of the quality of the man that all through his career, from laundry to general, he had been known to everybody as Tom Forrest. He was the confidant of princes, and in particular he was a great friend of the Prince of Wales. In another sphere, he was liked and respected by most of the members of the Cabinet, and he was generally with Iorwerth Jones, the Prime Minister, to watch the Cup Final at Wembley. He was now sixty-one years old and he had been Governor-General of Canada for about two years, a competent and a popular representative of the Queen in the Dominion.

That day was December 18, a week before Christmas. David drove back to his flat at Maidenhead from Windsor in his little sports car and cooked himself a scratch meal; in normal times he would have gone and had a meal at one of the hotels, but now he preferred to stay at home rather than risk contact with a possible reporter in a public place. When he had eaten, he settled down to read the papers for an hour before bed.

That day was a Monday, and he had taken Princess Anne to Kenya with her family on Friday night, too late for editorial comment in Saturday's press. Monday's papers, which he was now reading, reflected a growing uneasiness about the movements of the Royal Family. It was right, said *The Times*, that the family should make frequent visits to the Dominions and no doubt the clear air of Sagana would be good for little Alexandra's cough, but it would be regretted that circumstances prevented the reunion of the Monarch with her family for the festivities of Christmas; it would be the first time within living memory that the Royal Family had not been together in England at this season. Moreover, said *The Times*, there were certain dangers apart from the breach of precedent in too wide a dispersal of the Royal Family within the Commonwealth; it did not require a very vivid imagination to visualize a chain of events which could leave England with no monarch and no heir in the country, and without even a Council of State.

Other papers were more outspoken. One carried a banner headline right across the page: PRINCESS ROYAL TO KENYA. It followed with a factual account of the departure of the Princess with her family for the Royal Lodge at Sagana, and reminded its readers that the Prince and Princess of Wales had left for Canada a few days previously.

That week was an uneasy week in England. Every visit to Buckingham Palace seemed to make headlines, and the visitors were many, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Tom Forrest, from Iorwerth Jones to Group Captain Cox. In general, the leader writers kept silence, so that an impression was created in the country that something was about to happen, though nobody quite knew what it was likely to be. Gradually the rumour spread around that something serious was likely to be announced by the Queen in her Christmas broadcast speech. Nobody knew where this rumour had come from, but it was widely repeated.

[Abridged by John Bull]

To be continued next week

THE TERRIBLE DESCENT

Continued from page 8

another thing he had not known clearly until now. A man was not complete until he realized what it meant to have someone totally dependent on him, to need him greatly.

Bowen pulled his hand away. "We're going to the nearest doctor as fast as we can make it," he said. "A sprain can be hell on wheels if you let it go."

* * *

The dog watched as the man started up the overgrown trail with the knapsack on his back. Again he tasted the special scent of this man, and again he found it good.

During the first three years of his life he had had a home and family, the scents had been right. Then there had been the terrible change. The one he loved most—the great one—had gone away. The dog did not know where or why—it had all been confusion, with people and flowers and big black cars, and himself consigned to the cold basement. Then, much later on, another had taken the loved one's place. The dog had learned to keep his distance from this new one, to make himself as small and quiet as he could. But it had not been enough.

Finally he had been ordered into the car, "Get in, you!" He'd obeyed with a certain eagerness; often, in the splendid past days, he had ridden in a car, loving it enormously.

The car went a long way and stopped. "Get out!" the new one said. The car backed and turned and whirled away. Soon it was as small as a sparrow in the distance. . . .

The dog watched now as the man with the good scent and the knapsack on his back pushed through a maze of brush and came to a clear place. The man rested for a while, then moved on.

The dog went up the mountain by a different route—a route which kept him fairly close to the man, but at the same time hid him from the man's sight.

BOWEN was convinced that he would never make it. The heat was enormously oppressive, even when he was shaded from the direct staring eye of the sun. Long-unused muscles cried out in protest.

He could go back, Bowen thought. There was no reason why he should have attempted this ridiculous climb in the first place. Except there had been something Ellen had said or intimated those eternal years ago. Now, in remembrance, it had the quality of a blurred echo—shadow without substance. And this little mountain was part and parcel of it; its power was like that of a magnet over a bit of metal. He and Ellen had been as happy here as two people ever could be. And Ellen was dead, of a little infection that hadn't seemed, at first, to be of any consequence at all.

Again he rested, easing the straps of the knapsack. It was incredible that it should seem so heavy. It held nothing but a few essentials—an old blanket, a very small store of tinned food, the torch and the revolver, some odds and ends. No doubt the revolver was unnecessary, but it was carried from ancient habit; you always took a gun into the wilds.

Bowen heard a rustling in the brush. He looked around, but saw nothing. The sound must have been made by some small wild animal, rudely disturbed in its home.

Ahead of him was an almost straight wall of rock. He drew a long breath and made his attack on the wall. Inch by inch he moved up. . . .

The dog came to a place where he could see the man. There was little cover here, and he held his body flat to the ground, head between forepaws, watching.

Just below the top there was a cave. The dog saw the man pause at the mouth. He stood facing the cave, and took the knapsack from his back. Then he went inside the cave.

The dog moved closer and lay down in the shelter of a boulder.

Inside the cave, Bowen lay on his blanket and smoked cigarettes. He had gone through the motions of laying his gear out neatly—the canteen of water, the torch, the revolver, the tins of unwanted food. Now he lay back and wondered why he had come, and what would be the end of his futile quest.

Somewhere close at hand, an animal called suddenly, the sound magnified a dozen times by the walls of the cave. Bowen jumped to his feet. He looked to the cave's mouth and saw the shape—a long, heavy-bodied beast, crouched as if to spring. Old tales of cougars flashed through his mind. He reached down, found the revolver and cocked it.

The beast seemed to lean towards him, stretching its body. He saw the yellow eyes, wide and bright. Bowen took quick aim and fired. The sound thundered and struck at him. He heard, through this thunder, the beast's scream, and saw the threshings of its body. Then the threshings and the screaming stopped and there was only a soft, despairing crying that was terribly like a hurt child's.

His groping hand found the torch. He switched it on, catching the dog in the circle of light. The dog licked frantically at its shoulder, against the flood that was pouring out of it and gathering in a dark red mass on the ground. The dog stopped its licking to stare at the light. Bowen stared back, felt a sickness. The dog's eyes held no fierceness, no hatred. They held only hurt and wonder.

"A dog!" Bowen said aloud. "What in heaven's name—"

ONCE again the dog cried. Bowen remembered the adhesive tape in his knapsack. He got it and hurried to the dog, kneeling at its side, willingly taking the chances of being bitten. He stroked the dog's head, watching the steady flow of blood in the beam of the torch. The shot had grooved deep along the lower part of the shoulder. At the rate the dog was losing blood, it wouldn't be long until it was dead.

Gently, he put his hand over the wound. "Take it easy now. I'm not going to hurt you. See? That's the fellow. Good dog, brave dog."

He slipped out of his jacket and tore half his shirt away. He made a tight bandage and taped it in place. All the time he talked to the dog.

Then he was finished; he'd done his amateurish best. The blood wasn't flowing now. But it was oozing.

The dog couldn't last many hours without professional attention. And it couldn't walk—it would have to be carried. This might be remotely—very remotely—possible in daylight. But daylight was long hours off, and the small moon offered little in the way of illumination. It couldn't be done.

Maybe, with the aid of the torch. . . . But this was ridiculous, insane. Then Bowen noticed another thing. The beam from the torch was no longer white and strong. It was a weakening yellow. The battery was running down.

The dog licked Bowen's hand. Bowen stroked the heavy head and told himself that the dog would live—that some wonderful chemistry of nature would pull the dog through.

Suddenly, through the mists and light of seventeen years, Bowen remembered the little thing that Ellen had said, the thing that had troubled him vaguely ever since.

"*No one can ever be happier than this,*" Ellen had said. "*There'll never be anything better than this. If we're ever troubled, either or both of us, if we're ever in doubt, we must come back here. No matter what the trouble is. And something good will happen. It'll have to, after tonight.*"

Then he had taken her hard in his arms and kissed her, smothering the words.

Bowen rose to his feet.

The dog lay still. The pain was not great now; it was only a dull ache. He felt the warm oozing of his blood and for the first time in his life he knew weakness. But he was not afraid. The man with the fine scent was here, beside him—the man knew what to do.

They started down, Bowen knowing the torch wouldn't last a quarter of the way. The dog was terribly awkward to carry. Bowen got him across a shoulder, where he held him precariously with upper arm and elbow. He left his gear behind, revolver and all. He wanted to see none of it again.

He thought about the trip down, trying to make a map of his mind. Here the route went right, here left. The huge boulder marked a treacherous corner. There was the place where a spring had eaten rock and soil away and destroyed the footing. And beyond that was the long drop where there was little to cling to with hands or toes.

Bowen felt a hot, sticky wetness. The dog was bleeding badly again. He moved slowly down the figment of a trail. Even the frail light of the little moon was gone; clouds had obscured it. The torch showed him where a flat rock ended and the first of many precipitous descents began. He made it, barely; once he started to slip, but managed to get a grip on a stout-rooted bush and the toe of his boot into a crack in the granite. In all reason, he should have dropped the dog. But the dog was still there, hard and heavy against Bowen's shoulder—quiet, save for its breathing.

A little farther down, the torch dimmed to a pinpoint and then went out. He went on until he had to rest—until there was nothing in his mind except the passion to rest. He put the dog down as gently as he could and stretched out. This was as far as he could go. No more was possible.

Then the dog's tongue, rough and feverish, ran along his cheek. Bowen could do anything, the dog was saying. Bowen was a supreme being, with powers beyond reckoning.

Bowen knew he could go no farther. The terrible strain had exhausted him completely. Stumble, slide, halt, on again. He knew he could not make it, and then he opened his eyes and saw the moon riding a clear sky, the clouds gone. He was lying on his back in a stand of wild grass. The mountain rose above him. He looked at himself in the dim light; his clothes were torn in fifty places, his flesh was cut and bruised. He was covered with dirt. He heard a sigh, and turned painfully, and saw the dog.

THE dog's shoulder and chest were a sticky mass of blood. But the dog's eyes were open; he was alive. His tongue reached out for Bowen's hand, failed to reach it by an inch, and dropped, lolling, to the ground. But the eyes never wavered. All would be well, the eyes said, because of Bowen. Bowen would make everything as good as new.

Bowen saw the car, fifty yards away. He couldn't carry the dog that far; he couldn't so much as lift one of the dog's limp paws. He couldn't make it himself, alone, without a long rest. He looked into the dog's eyes again, and heard what the dog was saying soundlessly, and he pulled himself to his feet.

Then he was in the car, the engine was going, and the dog was lying beside him on the seat. He was driving off, changing gears, remembering that he'd noticed a veterinary surgeon's plate in a little town some miles back. He wouldn't be open at this time of night. Bowen would get him up and to work if he had to break the door down.

But there was no need for that. The vet was home, and he was a competent man who acted quickly when he saw a need. He worked for a long time on the dog, gave him an injection, bandaged him. The dog was quiet during it all, his eyes on Bowen.

When he was done the vet said: "I think he'll make it. But he needs rest and care. Get him examined as soon as you get home. You look as if you need some attention yourself."

"Thanks," Bowen said. He paid the bill. "I'm all right."

A few miles down the road, he pulled in to the kerb and stopped. He wasn't too tired to drive; he wasn't too tired for anything now. He just wanted to think for a few minutes. The dog was sleeping beside him, and Bowen ran his hand lightly across his head and rubbed his ears. The dog made a soft, happy sound in his throat.

There was always something for you to do, Bowen thought, someone or something to help, somewhere to go. There weren't any dead ends if you saw it clear and whole. A future came out of the past. And there was always a future, as long as you lived. There was always a need for you.

Ellen had known that—not by a process of cold reasoning, but out of instinct. So she'd sent him back up the little mountain, not knowing what he would find, but knowing surely that it would be good and right and necessary.

Bowen touched the dog's head again. "We're going home now," he said. "It'll be new to you, but I think you'll like it."

THE END

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Harry Hopkins goes to

DEWSBURY

RAG CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

His report will appear

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Fusspots

A TRIFLE, says the dictionary, is "a thing, act or circumstance of no importance." A fuss means "treating trifles as important matters."

Put these together and it is plain that we are all guilty of behaving like idiots. For don't we all fuss over trifles?

What a shocking waste of time, temper and energy! And the worst about fusspots is that they arouse the same silly emotions in other people—so it is a double waste.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

LITTLE GIRL LOST IN THE NIGHT

Continued from page 20

were somewhere else. She lay down on quilts, and the wagon moved on. She lay in it, wide-eyed and watchful, moving with its jolting, and heard a man's voice outside the canvas say angrily: "Injun bait, that's what we picked up! Injun bait!"

Long ago she had learned that she could not afford to be angry at anyone for anything. She closed her eyes to subdue anger. *Frank, I have to tell you what I did after the Indians took us. . . .*

WHEN she woke up, everything was wrong. The wagon was still, and sounds of making camp came through the canvas, hushed by fear. She wondered: Do they think that by being quiet they can hide from the Sioux? Sleep, blessed sleep, had come to her—but it was not truly blessed, because it made her mind clearer to face horror to come.

A girl's voice outside the wagon, a voice young and light, frightened her. "Miz Foster? Miz Foster?" There was pleading in it.

Could that be Mary, grown older, almost a woman from the voice, grown older and implacable, hurt and deceived beyond forgiving, calling her "Miz Foster" for punishment, instead of "Mama" for love?

She answered cautiously: "Yes, dear? Yes?"

"It's Bessie, Miz Foster. Bessie Rice. Supper's ready, such as it is. We ain't got no cooking fires. You want to come out now and eat?"

"No," Mrs. Foster answered with cold determination. She could endure hunger; she had endured it before. But she would not face the accusing eyes that must be out there, the eyes of the emigrants who thought "Injun bait" even when they did not say the words. The wagon was a dark and hollow place of refuge. She would stay in it.

The young soldier spoke so suddenly that she was frightened. "Go eat, ma'am," he advised. "I already did."

She had been cuffed and ordered around for so long by the Indians that it was easier to obey than to be stubborn. She climbed down from the wagon.

The accusing eyes were not there, after all. Nobody noticed her except the waiting Bessie, who was curious and concerned but had no hatred.

"I got a little piece of soap," the girl said, "if you was wanting to wash up."

Mrs. Foster yearned towards her but remembered that no luxury of bodily cleanness could ever wash guilt from her soul. "I've been dirty so long it doesn't matter," she said.

She wolfed the food—cold bacon and corn bread—and when she was through, she sat holding the plate on her knees, blinking back tears. *Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.* The girl Bessie, she began to understand, was the Lord's handmaiden. One more service Bessie must provide besides this. "I want to tell you about my little girl Mary," Mrs. Foster whispered.

Bessie said: "Shh! Did you hear that? A coyote howling off there?"

Mrs. Foster had learned patience. "Yes, dear. Only a coyote. Lots of coyotes out here. You must have heard them before."

"Yes," Bessie answered. "I've heard 'em before. Heard Injuns, too. Can you tell the difference?"

Mrs. Foster did not answer. She was reliving a night seven months before, the last time she had touched little Mary. There were coyotes howling then—or were they wolves?

The lieutenant said: "Mrs. Foster?"

"Here I am. With Bessie."

"I thought you were still in the wagon," he said.

She was on her feet instantly, remembering her duty to the wounded soldier. But her opportunity was lost already. The lieutenant was at the wagon and four men were lifting the soldier down. There was no moon, but she could see movement and form.

"Under the wagon," the officer said. "Prop him up against the wheel. Duncan, you're well enough to stand guard."

The soldier said: "Yes, sir, if I can stand it sitting down." There was a low chuckle.

Every man would stand guard, Mrs. Foster understood. And not for a part of the long night to come, but for all of it, and especially towards the end, in that grey part that is not quite morning. And with the morning would come the Sioux—who were afraid to die in the dark.

"Mrs. Foster," the lieutenant said, "I want you and Bessie to stay with the wagon. All the women and children will stay with the wagons. Don't wander around. Is that clear?"

Mrs. Foster did not answer because she was thinking that a wagon was a trap.

Bessie said: "Sure. Her and me'll stay with the wagon, like you say."

MRS. FOSTER'S mind went searching into the other wagons and found the others who were trapped there—the trembling women, the children crying or asleep. Beside her she felt fear, and heard it in Bessie's breathing. She felt it under the wagon, too, where the soldier named Duncan sat propped against a wheel, staring out into the darkness, listening, listening, and everywhere around the wagons where men watched and waited.

"Your people are fools," she told Bessie, "to come with only five wagons in Sioux country. Why did you?"

The girl said: "I don't know. Some trouble among the men, and we went another way from the rest. I don't know what the trouble was."

Mrs. Foster felt pity, knowing she could not afford it—not after seven months of captivity, not when safety had been so close and the contract had been broken by the emigrants' stupidity. Pity welled into her throat; she choked it down.

Bessie must hear the story, she decided. Somebody had to hear it and try to understand. But Mrs. Foster was cunning. She would work up to the story so that Bessie would not know it was coming. "I'll bet you have some pretty clothes," she said. "In a trunk here in the wagon, I'll bet you have some."

Bessie was silent for a moment, shocked at this frivolity. "I got a red dress," she admitted.

"Show it to me. It's a long time since I saw a pretty dress."

Bessie drew away. "It's pitch dark in here."

"I can touch it, anyway. Get out the dress, dear. I'll help you put it on." She thinks I'm demented, Mrs. Foster realized. Am I?

Wedged as far into the corner as she could get, Bessie whispered: "How was it when they captured you

"Really, Albert—it's not as if you were on duty!"

GERMOLENE relieves the pain, irritation and embarrassment of skin troubles. Read how it soothes at a touch, stops itching and irritation, draws out impurities, protects against the entry of harmful bacteria, and so greatly assists healing.

RASH ON BOY'S ARM

1. *Suffered for weeks*
2. *Dad advised Germolene*
3. *Rash cleared up*
4. *Wasn't Mum pleased*

SHEFFIELD 10.

"Dear Sir,

After having trouble with a rash on my little boy's arm for weeks, my husband advised me to get some GERMOLENE. I did so and after two or three applications I find that the rash has cleared up and has nearly disappeared. I was so relieved that I thought I must write and let you know how satisfied I am with GERMOLENE.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) M.W.B. (Mrs.)."

SPREADING ECZEMA

1. *Started on Legs*
2. *Spread to body*
3. *Germolene stopped itching*
4. *Skin now entirely free*

LIVERPOOL, 9

"Dear Sir,

Having had a serious attack of eczema which started on my legs and spread all over my body . . . . I tried your GERMOLENE and at once it stopped the horrible itching and after one or two applications I found a vast improvement . . . after only using three tins of your valuable ointment I am now entirely free from that horrible complaint . . .

(Signed) E.H."

USE **Germolene** ASEPTIC OINTMENT

FOR YOUR FAMILY'S SKIN TROUBLES

ABRASIONS, SPOTS, CUTS, SORE FEET, RASHES, ECZEMA *and* EVERYDAY SKIN AILMENTS

IT SOOTHES AT A TOUCH

folks? Was you all waiting like this?"

"We had no warning at all," Mrs. Foster answered gently. "They were just there all of a sudden. They killed four men and captured three women and two children. I thought they killed my husband, but the lieutenant says he is safe." She would have to tell Frank Foster some time, but she must rehearse the telling first. "I have to tell you about Mary," she said. "Will you listen?"

Bessie took a deep breath and answered: "Tell me."

Mrs. Foster was riding again with the Sioux, through a canyon. Before her on the horse's back was Mary, whimpering. "I had to let her go," she whispered. "I thought maybe I could save her that way. You see, they burned her arm."

Bessie repeated: "Let her go?"

"The Indians pushed her into the fire the first night they had us. One of them hit me with his fist when I pulled her out. Her burned arm hurt her so, she cried all night until I scared her to make her quiet." She found that she did not want to tell it after all, but Bessie prompted: "Go on."

So there was good in the world, after all. There was Frank Foster, alive and safe, making possible her rescue. There were the soldiers, and a girl named Bessie willing to listen.

"She was only seven. I thought an emigrant train might come along if she got back to the burned wagon. I set my little Mary down off the horse in the darkness. I set her afoot all alone. 'Run back to where the Indians got us,' I told her. 'Try to remember where we came. I dropped bits of letters as we rode. In daylight you can find them and follow them back. Find where the wagon is. That's the emigrant road, and somebody will come along.'"

"Sure, there'd be wagons," Bessie agreed without conviction.

"Seven years old. Mary was only seven. The last thing she said, before I kissed her and let her down off the horse, was 'Mama, I'm hungry.'"

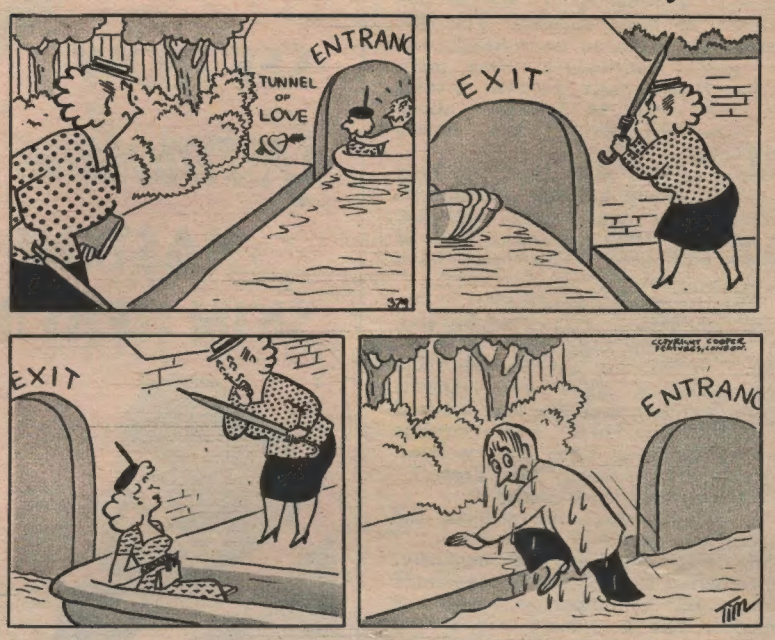
Now it was said, and the confession was ended. The horror was a burden now for young Bessie Rice, and lessened a little for Mary Foster's mother. She owed Bessie a debt. "Put on your pretty dress for me," she said. "Show me how the ruffles go."

"I'll get it." Bessie opened a chest. "It's got a ruffle around the bottom, and the dress is red."

"Pretty, it's real pretty. Put it on."

"Help me, over my head," Bessie

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



told her. "Can you find the hooks?"

"That doesn't seem right. There, that's how it goes."

"Miz Foster, I got a knife. Right here—them hooks ain't just straight, I guess."

"You sew very well, dear. Now, how does the neck go?"

"That's right, yes—the knife—we can both use it if——"

"Yes, dear. It's a long time since I wore a pretty dress."

"You can put it on."

"No. Wear your pretty dress."

They were silent, thinking of morning, of death in a red dress. Then they refused to think of morning.

They went through the chest, item by item, touching, questioning, describing, not seeing. When they were silent, they heard the vast silence or the howling that might be coyotes or signals from the hills.

"I want to show it to Mr. Duncan," Bessie said.

Mrs. Foster did not at first remember the name. Then she recalled that it belonged to the young soldier under the wagon, with his rifle across his knees. She wondered why Bessie should yearn towards him, almost a stranger. Then she remembered: Why, I was young once, too, when I married Mr. Foster. I am twenty-seven now.

Quietly they descended from the wagon, and Bessie's voice was velvet in the darkness: "Mr. Duncan, want to see something pretty?"

"Sure do," he answered. "Like to see ninety-'leven cavalrymen coming fast. That'd be pretty."

"I only got a red dress," Bessie said in a pouting voice.

Duncan's voice changed; there was sunlight in it. "Well, Miss Bessie, I reckon I'd rather see you in a red dress than any bunch of dirty soldiers. Don't git in front of me, though. Reckon you could both set down."

Mrs. Foster wondered: How long till dawn? And did not know she had spoken.

Duncan answered: "Can't be long now. Been here about ten years already by my figuring."

MRS. FOSTER felt like crying. They were so young, the flirting girl and the boy who was a soldier. They were so much afraid, but Bessie held off fear with the ruffles of a dress unseen, and Duncan pretended there was no fear, only boredom, for a soldier.

"Miss Bessie," he said, "I'd be obliged for a drink of water."

The girl scrambled up, delighted, fluttering to serve him. When she had gone, he whispered to Mrs. Foster: "This here's a revolver, ma'am. It's loaded and primed. You know how to cock it and pull the trigger? Take it, ma'am, and don't tell her. But keep her near you if they come. Do that for me, ma'am?"

With the cold weight of the revolver in her calloused hands, she pitied him, for this might be the last, as well as the first gift he would ever have for Bessie Rice. "Yes," she answered. "I will. Mr. Duncan, do you know about my little girl?"

"Heard you lost one, ma'am. Sure sorry to know that."

"Lost, only lost, maybe not dead, Mr. Duncan." It was important to convince him, so as to convince herself. "Not as you say 'lost' about someone you've taken to the grave. I set her down in the darkness and told her to go back by following the letters I'd dropped along the way. She might be safe? She might have got back to the emigrant road?"

"Sure she might," he agreed with conviction.

Mrs. Foster felt lighter. Anxiety was taking the place of guilt. But she could bear anxiety, now that she was learning to hope again. Twice now she had rehearsed what she must tell her husband if she still lived after this night was ended.

"There were settlers coming into the fort when we left there, ma'am," Duncan said. "Maybe some of them would have heard of your little girl."

Later, when Bessie came back, he growled: "Took you long enough. Must have gone clean back to the Missouri River." Bessie giggled as he drank. He made a bold show of cheer, sighing with satisfaction, as he put down the cup.

"There's men would envy me," he remarked, "sitting here talking to two purty women. Seems like daylight's coming over there."

The women stared at the paleness in the sky.

"You'd oblige me by getting back in the wagon," Duncan said. "I might need room here."

When they were back in the trap of darkness, Bessie began to cry. Mrs. Foster leaned against a barrel with the revolver under her knee. Outside, she heard the lieutenant speak briefly to Duncan. She heard the wind in the grass and a baby crying. She heard a faraway sound that cut the night like a thin, sharp knife, and her mouth went dry before she understood.

The cheering of the men in the cramped wagon circle told her the meaning, that and the glad screams of the women.

The sound came clearer in the night; it was a cavalry bugle.

Bessie clung to her, crying and

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laughing, and Mrs. Foster warned: "Hush! I want to hear the horses!" But there was too much noise. Duncan, under the wagon, was roaring his jubilation.

Mrs. Foster threw the revolver out of the back of the wagon as hard as she could. Then she began to cry with Bessie as the music of the bugle came closer and they heard faintly the drumbeat of horses' hoofs.

A captain and half a dozen troopers rode with her towards the fort.

"I'm thankful Mr. Foster is safe in St. Louis," Mrs. Foster said. "I will go there when it is safe to travel."

"It will be safe soon," he promised. He was squinting ahead. "Now don't be alarmed, Mrs. Foster," he urged. "That's a messenger you see coming over the hill."

A rider in cavalry blue was coming towards them at a gallop. The message was written. The captain read it and, seeing that she was tense, remarked with a little smile: "It is not bad news, ma'am. We will ride a little faster, but it is not bad news."

Emigrant wagons were outside the fort. "Some new refugees have arrived," the captain commented. "Most of those wagons weren't there yesterday. There's not room for them inside."

THEY rode in through the cautiously opened gates. She swayed in the saddle when she heard the gates closing, the blessed gates that shut out danger. A sunbonneted woman stared, and Mrs. Foster thought: I'd like to see you look any better than I do if you'd been seven months among the savages!

The captain helped her dismount. He did not release his grip on her arms after her feet were on the ground.

"Now I can tell you what was in that message," he said. "You must not scream. You must not panic these frightened people."

"I am quite calm," she answered softly, but her voice was trembling like her body.

"There is a little girl here named Mary, came in this morning with some settlers. They picked her up on the trail months ago—don't scream, Mrs. Foster!"

She tore away from his grip at the sound of a shrill, remembered voice crying: "Mama! Mama!" In obedient silence she ran and stumbled and spread her arms as a little fair-haired girl came running from among the people.

Then she could not see because of tears, but the thin, living body was against her breast and the arms were clinging.

Crooning without words, she patted the warm flesh frantically and felt the healed scar of a burn.

THE END

LIFE WITH MOTHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 24. She is Daphne du Maurier (Lady Browning), with her elder daughter Tessa.

WIN A SWISS HOLIDAY ON THIS £1,000 PAGE!

"IT'S happened to *me*!" declared Mr. H. High (51 Edilom Road, Crumpsall, Manchester) on a recent Friday, as he read a telegram from JOHN BULL. That wire told this forty-six year old reader (on left) that he had won £500 plus £100 Swiss holiday in *Bullets* 1,887 for his vivid effort: IF I HAD A WISH —ELIZABETH'S REIGN *All* "JUNE"!

It can happen to *you*! This summer or next, you can revel in a £100 holiday among the Alps—to celebrate winning this week's £500 for a *Bullet*. Also on this £1,000 page is a First of £100 plus £25 seaside holiday in Crosswords—why not enjoy *both* Contests?

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Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Man, The Mountaineer
Bit Of Old England
Generous Nature
Knight Of The Road
Bright And Shining
Friendship's Flower
What We're Waiting For
The Feminine Touch
Here Today And
Thunder In The Air
Sacrificed
With Her Hands Full
It's Risky, But
Hit The Jackpot
Dad's Brainwave
That Holiday
Facing The Bowling
Movie Magnate
Thump! Thump! Thump!
On Our Office Outing

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

Elizabethan.....
Makes One.....
Had Time To.....
In A Big.....
Dived Into The.....
If.....Had His Way

NOTE—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,894 (or Xword 846), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,889

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000: F. C. Moseley, 47 Grange Walk, Grimsby.

Last Of Our Dynamos To Hear "Call" Together.

£50: D. Donaldson, 74 Northcote Road, Bournemouth; THE LUCKIEST PEOPLE—Work "CARRIES CHARM" Fun. £25: Mrs. F. Zissman, 68 Edgedale Road, Sheffield: A BIT TOO HOT—FOR MALENKOV YET. "LIMELIGHT"?

OTHER AWARDS. £10: F. Tissington, 4 Airey Houses, Stirrup Road, Harworth, Doncaster: EVEREST —HEIGHT—OVER TATA, Nepal. £6: J. Bell, 36 Bellclose Road, West Drayton, Middlesex: SCARED THE DOVE—DAVID THE "WOLF." REARMING? £5: E. Protheroe, 4 Grove Avenue, Russell Hill, N.10: SOMETHING TO START WITH—USING *Swedes* AS "REHEARSER." £5: Mrs. M. Bell, 9 South Crescent, Thirsk, Yorks: GARDEN OF OUR DREAMS—WORLD'S "*Red* FINGERS" SPOILING. £6: E. Worrall, 18 Liberty Road, Glenfield, Leicester: ON THE FOREMAN'S BRIMSTONE—*And* "TREMLE." "FIRE" DEFENDS. £5: W. Edwards, 1 Maple Terrace, London Road, Shrewsbury: WORLD OF OUR DREAMS—BORN, CHILDREN "INHERITING" SOMETHING! £5: E. Scott, 4 Flintham Drive, Sherwood, Nottingham: IN OUR VILLAGE PAGEANT—"GLADIATORS" FOUNDRY—FOR *Umbrella*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 25 Prizes of £1 and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to "count" as *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross [& Co.], write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. If coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated August 8, and in JOHN BULL dated August 15), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 1, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,894 result.)

FINE HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter our extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — **XWORD 846**

1. May develop on serious lines if overworked mother can't give it the attention required
3. The part these play in our national production is important
5. It could well be a good idea for teacher to make a study of
7. You shouldn't refer to a chap as one
10. Fruit farms have to be most carefully this
11. The employment of craft is sometimes followed by this
12. Stylish one is usually very effective

Down Clues

1. They can be seen going round and round in circuses
2. Effect of vigorously rubbing one could be quite surprising
3. Cultivating it can pay very handsomely
4. Average housewife has to work on these occasionally
6. Is created when brilliant new actor is discovered
8. Such clothes are typical of the Scottish character
9. Sack of coal delivered probably isn't one hundred per cent this
10. One may be spilt by being obviously heated

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£100 and HOLIDAY WON—XWORD 841

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 1, Blame. 2, Sews. 3, Game. 7, Gril. 10, Fog. 12, March. 13, Trump. 14, Meat. DOWN: 1, Blot. 3, Smack. 4, Paring. 5, Kind. 8, Count. 9, Pen. 11, Colt.

WINNER of £100 plus £25 HOLIDAY AWARD: Mrs. K. F. Halliday, 3 Riverdale Gardens, East Twickenham.

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In adjudicating, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 1.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudicating Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1C	H	I	2L			3S	P	I		4S
A	M				5		E	N		T
			M	6S		A	N	N	A	
S	C	E	P	T	I	C			P	I
	O									
7	O	8P		R	O			9F	S	
		L	E		M	E	N	U		
10P	L	A	N		E	D				
A	M	I	D		11G	U	I	L		
				12	A	T	846			

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **846** Closing Postmark MON., JULY 20

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1,894
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STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

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